

Canadian men
are loutish
in love

BY MARIKA ROBERT

OVER BY REX WOODS

Why the West is
losing Free Asia

How to have fun
in New York City

MACLEAN'S

JULY 2, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



REX WOODS

More* to it...



The Calgary Stampede: More of the thrills Canadians like best!

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THAT'S WHY IT'S CANADA'S BEST-SELLING BEER!

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"MABEL
BLACK
LABEL!"



What's coming on our nine new private TV channels

PROGRAMMING PLANS for the private TV stations that will be starting to broadcast in nine Canadian cities by next summer are further along than you'd think. Excluding Halifax and Ottawa, where licenses have not yet been awarded, it's possible to see some common signs of what they'll offer.

Every one of the seven stations now licensed will bear down hard on local news to compete with the CBC's established national news shows. They'll also shoot for a network of their own. The Board of Broadcast Governors has announced it will hear applications for a private network this summer. At least one organizer who'll apply has approached broadcasters from Montreal to Vancouver and they've expressed interest.

Most stations are planning amateur or semi-amateur variety hours, the cheapest and easiest way to help provide the 55% Canadian content the BBG will insist on.

The Canadian-content requirement is proving more difficult to meet than most applicants expected. The manager of one new station, who, understandably, wouldn't let his name be used, told Maclean's "the owners made some pretty elaborate promises to the BBG that are going to be hard to keep."

Other newsworthy plans across the country:

Vancouver: Staff for Channel 8 have interviewed more than 500 local artists, from six-year-old dancers to a 75-year-old magician. They've kept 140 names

on file, to help bolster such planned programs as Sports Court, a panel quiz; Why Am I Here? and You Be The Judge, two other panel shows; a religious panel and a university program with the tentative title of Varsity Variety. "We're also," says station president Art Jones, "going to push the hell out of news — with nearly 6% of our time." Target date to go on the air: Nov. 18.

Calgary: Under 1960 Canadian Chamber of Commerce president H. Gordon Love, who is chairman of its board, CFCN is planning a 14-man combined radio-TV news staff, with its own aircraft and a fleet of radio-and-camera-equipped cars. Target date: "Before the end of the year."

Winnipeg: Stewart MacPherson, the Winnipegger who took Twenty Questions to British radio, is executive program director for Channel 7. You guess what it will feature. The programming day will start with five minutes of religion. A lunch-hour "studio party" will star local and visiting guests. Target date: mid-November.

Toronto: Joel Aldred, perhaps the best-known Canadian radio and TV announcer, heads a staff that will supervise some other well-known names on Channel 9. Novelist and magazine editor Jeann Beattie will run a daily show tentatively called For Women Only; ex-CBC home-economist Ruth Fremen will be a regular. Cartoonist George Feyer is a strong candidate for a daily children's show. Larry Mann and

Beth Lockerbie have finished the pilot film of Call Emergency, a dramatic series based in a hospital. Channel 9 will have a luncheon comedy show, now called The Goofy Gang, a Sunday evening program on Great Hymns of All Time, Thursday night hockey games and a five-night-a-week "personality show" on the Jack Paar format. Target date: January 1.

Montreal will get two new stations. Channel 12, in English, is planning shows called Green Gables Farm, for children; Parade, for teenagers; Blueprint, for home-owners; and Pyjama Playhouse, the nightly late movie, with the hostess a girl in (yes) pyjamas. Target date: January. Channel 10, in French, is planning a "sort of French-Canadian Jack Paar show," to go on at 6 each evening, and to be produced partly in the station's entrance hall. On a more serious plane, Channel 10 plans live broadcasts from La Comédie Canadienne and the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde. News will be presented in hourly, one-minute capsules. Target date: May, 1961.

In **Edmonton**, where CFRN, a private station, has bolstered its programming with 40 hours of CBC fare weekly, the BBG has granted the CBC a new license. The CBC will take back its 40 hours and add five of French-language telecasts as well as some network programs — Fighting Words, Background, Viewpoint — that haven't been available in Edmonton. It will also spend \$110,000 for local artists in its first year. Target date: "next spring."

PREDICTION: No Continental League in '61 — or after

CANADA'S CHANCES of making the big leagues in baseball within the next few years depend on one thing: will the Continental League, the "third major league," materialize?

In the first glow of enthusiasm over the CL, there seemed little doubt. Eight cities — Toronto (under millionaire Jack Kent Cooke), Denver, Buffalo, Dallas-Fort Worth, Houston, New York, Atlanta and Minneapolis-St. Paul — were anxious to enter teams. Branch Rickey, one of baseball's most eminent and ebullient figures, accepted the presidency. The first game would be played, said the publicity, in 1961.

Now some close observers are not so sure. One of them is Canadian free-lance sports writer Trent Frayne, who has been following developments since

he reported on Canada's chances of ever making the majors in Maclean's of April 11, 1959.

Frayne's prediction: There will be no Continental League. Here are some of his reasons.

Not enough parks: Because of the running expenses of major-league ball (about \$1½ million a year, against \$350,000 for a top minor-league team), no city can operate without a stadium seating at least 25,000. Yet Toronto, where Cooke's Maple Leafs have drawn as well as any minor-league team anywhere, has only the 33-year-old Fleet Street stadium, seating 19,000. Cooke thinks the city should build a new one; the city fathers think Cooke should. "No solution," Frayne says, "is in sight."

Not enough players: New York, the most impor-

tant city in the CL, where the Board of Estimate has voted half a million dollars for plans for a 50,000-seat stadium, "hasn't got a ball-player it can call its own" for a CL team.

Not enough money: Aside from increased operating costs, the Continental League faces monumental expenditures before it can even start. The International League is demanding \$1,700,000 for its two franchises, in Toronto and Buffalo. The American Association wants more for the loss of four teams.

Not enough interest: So far the Continental League has been carried largely by the work and enthusiasm of Rickey. But Rickey is 78 years old. Unless, says Frayne, the owners make some new moves fast, the "third major league" will die in embryo.

New Hailey novel / Foreign mail-orders / Comeback for circuses

PREVIEWING BOOKS: Several established Canadian writers and one photographer are at work on new ventures you'll be seeing within the year. Playwright **Arthur Hailey**, with his first novel, *The Final Diagnosis*, sold to the movies, is working on a second. Tentative title: *The Immigrant*. Montrealer **Brian Moore**, author of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, has a novel set in Montreal, called *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, due in August. In October **David Walker**, author of *Geordie*, who now lives in New Brunswick, will bring out his first novel set in Canada. Title: *Where the High Winds Blow*. After the considerable success of *This Is Rome*, on which he collaborated with Bishop Fulton Sheen, photographer **Yousuf Karsh** is preparing *This Is The Holy Land*, with British writer H. V. Morton.

THE QUEEN OF CLIPPER-SHIPS, the Marco Polo, which once set a round-the-world speed record for sail, may be salvaged this summer. Since 1883 the Marco Polo, built in Saint John,

N.B., 32 years before that, has lain under water off P. E. I. Last summer, a fisherman brought up her anchor. This year, Navy divers will go down to the wreck. Whatever's salvaged will likely go to the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John, where a model Marco Polo is a main attraction.

CANADIAN MERCHANTS will be facing more competition from foreign mail-order catalogues. Latest (and biggest) to hit here is Quelle-Versandhaus — roughly a German equivalent of Simpsons-Sears. Quelle opened an office in Montreal last fall and advertised its catalogue (for 25¢ a copy) in German-Canadian newspapers. Of 25,000 people who sent for it, the German mail-order men say, all but 1,000 ordered at least one item.

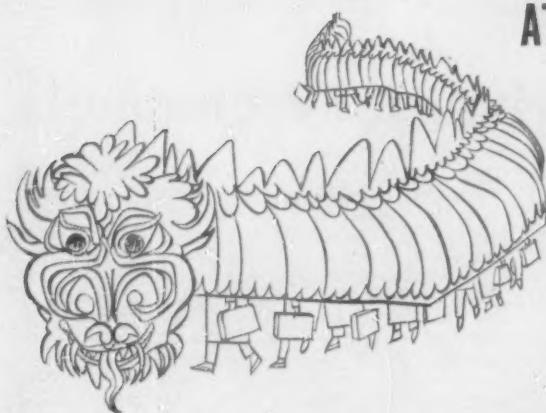
AIR POLLUTION FROM AUTOMOBILES — one of the most serious aspects of an ever-increasing problem — may be cut down by a device that's recently been demonstrated by its German

inventors. Its principle is basically different from what North American researchers are concentrating on. They're trying to cut or purify the exhaust after it's burnt. The Germans have developed a system of filters that works toward lower fuel turbulence, which, they claim, will produce nearly complete combustion of the fuel. Canadian auto-engineers say they haven't heard of this device, but, as Sydney Swallow, Ford's service director, said, "That's the way to go about it."

TRAVELING CIRCUSES, contrary to recent mournful opinions, are a long way from dead yet. This summer, more will tour Canada than any year since the war: Kelly-Miller, King, Carson and Barns, and Polack in the west; Clyde and Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey in central Canada; Beatty and Hamid-Morton in the east. One reason for the revival: modern, and less expensive, operating methods. Ringling changed from tents to arenas last year and cut its daily costs from \$25,000 to \$9,000.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman



IN THE TWO HUNDRED AND TEN emotion-packed major speeches which John Diefenbaker delivered during the 1957 and 1958 election campaigns, he made sixty-two specific promises. Forty of these pledges have since been fulfilled, at least partially. The balance are turning out to be embarrassingly tough to keep.

During the speech in Toronto's Massey Hall that opened his 1957 campaign, Diefenbaker bravely assured his audience: "We will undertake a vigorous immigration policy... We will revise the Immigration Act... We will overhaul its administration to ensure that humanity will be considered... We will put an end to the bureaucratic interpretations which keep out from Canada many potentially good citizens."

Now, three years later, a new Immigration Act has finally been placed before the cabinet. Its provisions are far removed from the prime minister's idealistic undertakings. The Tories have discovered that operating an immigration policy quickly shatters the best intentions.

Nothing has demonstrated this more clearly than last month's sensational revelations about the mass smuggling into Canada of Chinese immigrants. The case is now being investigated by sixty-five officers of the RCMP — more men than have been assigned to any manhunt since the arrest of Nazis at the outbreak of World War II.

Chinese immigration into Canada, which began with the Fraser River gold rush, was cut off in 1923 by the introduction of the Chinese Exclusion Act. It was repealed in 1947 to allow into the country the parents and children of Canadian citizens of Chinese origin. During the twenty-four years between 1923 and 1947, only eight Chinese immigrants — mostly missionaries — were admitted to Canada. Yet most of the twenty-three thousand Chinese who have come to Canada since 1947 have claimed to be the sons, under twenty-one years old, of Chinese residents in Canada.

The files seized by the RCMP in last month's raids of Chinese communities in nine Canadian cities contain documentary proof that the majority of Chinese postwar immigrants to Canada came illegally. Many of them were exploited by their Chinese-Canadian employers in return for being protected against deportation.

The Tories are no more anxious than their predecessors to allow a disproportionate number of Orientals into Canada, but to demand the expulsion of close to twenty thousand refugees from Communism is politically impossible. The government will allow all of the illegally landed Chinese to remain in Canada, except those who helped organize the underground railway across the Pacific.

This amounts to a startling admission: If our immigration law can be broken on a large enough scale, it is simply ignored.

A less dramatic but also serious immigration problem is our relationship with Japan. That country is

The Immigration Act: St. Ellen's anachronistic dragon

our second largest wheat consumer, yet we treat its citizens as totally undesirable.

Toru Hagiwara, the Japanese ambassador to Canada, has been quietly negotiating an unusual solution to Canadian complaints that the Japanese dump their manufactured goods here. To gain fairer entry to our consumer market, Japanese industrialists plan to set up factories employing Canadian labor to complete semi-finished or component materials manufactured in Japan. Saskatchewan is anxious to get the factories and the provincial government has been putting heavy pressure on Ottawa to allow into the country the Japanese managers and technicians needed to set up the new establishments.

The present Immigration Act's failure to provide for this kind of employment-creating entry is only one of its many weaknesses. Virtually untouched since 1947, the act actually deals only in passing with the reception of immigrants.

It is much more concerned with the deportation of those already here, and the exclusion of foreigners bold enough to seek entry.

When Mackenzie King introduced the act on May 1, 1947, he said: "Canada is perfectly within her rights in selecting the persons whom we regard as desirable future citizens. It is not a 'fundamental human right' of any alien to enter Canada. It is a privilege." King also emphasized that the only people who would be allowed to land here were those who would not make any fundamental alteration in this country's character. (An aim, incidentally, which has been frustrated, despite our exclusive immigration policies. The character of Canadian life and culture has been irrevocably altered by the arrival of two million postwar immigrants.)

King's legislation worked reasonably well when the kind of immigrants we wanted were willing to come. Without postwar immigration, Canada's total labor force would have declined during four of the nine boom years from 1946 to 1955, drastically reducing the pace of our economic development.

But the thirteen-year-old act is no longer attracting enough desirable newcomers. The legislation has broken down so badly that Ellen Fairclough now must review an average of fifteen cases a day which do not fall under the act's provisions. Since the Tories have taken over, they have authorized, through orders-in-council, the admission into Canada of fifteen thousand persons who are clearly inadmissible under the regulations. This is a procedure that was once reserved for special cases to allow the entry of badly needed specialists or for admittance on compassionate grounds. Now, the minister of citizenship and immigration is, in effect, forced to break the provisions of her own act fifteen times a day to make up for the legislation's anachronisms.

The case of Irene Rebrin and similar recent expulsion processes clearly dictate the need for revising deportation proceedings. Mr. Justice Stewart of the Ontario Supreme Court earlier this year quashed a deportation order against a young Hungarian who had come to Canada from Bolivia. The order was issued when immigration officials, after an inquiry conducted among themselves, decided the young man would likely become a public charge. Stewart termed the powers of immigration inspectors "perfectly

shocking and disgraceful... against every conceivable thing since Magna Carta."

Immigration inspectors can rule on the spot on the suitability of immigrants. Their responsibility is incompatible with the calibre of men attracted by the scale of their wages. The top salary for the position of immigration inspector is now \$4,350 a year; some inspectors are paid as little as \$2,670.

Immigration laws have become such a touchy topic in Ottawa that constructive House of Commons debates on the subject are virtually impossible. Immigration has joined the lengthening list of politically untouchable problems that members of all parties agree to ignore as much as possible.

There seems to be no immigration policy, however well meant, that is politically safe. Earlier this year, for instance, the federal government agreed, as part of its world Refugee Year contribution, to take in the first group of a hundred tubercular refugees from Europe. The decision was made at a time when there were more than three thousand unused beds in our sanatoriums.

Instead of the mild public reproaches that might have been expected for our failure to do a little more for these unfortunate people, Ellen Fairclough's office was flooded with vindictive mail condemning their entry. Several letters contained batches of Christmas TB seals, with notes attached that their writers had discontinued contributing to local tuberculosis associations, because part of the money would now be wasted on the healing of foreigners. ★



BACKGROUND

A new (and serious) executive duty: playing games

IN THE TORONTO OFFICES of Remington Rand one June Saturday, 31 executives from a dozen major Canadian companies puzzled for a full day over the management of seven competing hypothetical firms making a hypothetical product for sale in a hypothetical market.

As the day wore on, they made faster and faster decisions about how many hypothetical salesmen to hire, train, fire, transfer; whether to produce more or less of their hypothetical product; whether to raise or lower its price; whether to invest in hypothetical market research—all the factors they face in real business.

Their decisions were fed into Remington Rand's gigantic electronic brain, Univac, and weighed against their "competitors." By the end of the day, one team showed a hypothetical profit of more than \$200,000; five others made between \$50,000 and \$110,000 and one barely stayed in the black, with a profit of \$9,000.

The game they were playing, a sort of thinking man's Monopoly, which RemRand calls the Management Decision Game, is one of several that are spreading rapidly—and being taken seriously—throughout Canadian business.

Such games are being used to train and assess young executives at IBM. TCA has a game tailored

to airline operation. The CNR is considering setting up one that deals in freight rates. Imperial Oil has one based on filling-station economics. At least 50 other companies have computers capable of refereeing a management game. Five eastern universities have tested games in their business courses.

How valid are the machines' assessments? Even their strongest backers admit to limitations. The team with highly original ideas is likely to be whipped; the machines prefer tried and true techniques. But some methods that work satisfactorily in real business will flop at the game. In an intramural match between teams from Remington Rand, a team that included a top products manager "stocked out" (ran out of goods to sell) even though the products manager had never had such a situation at work.

However seriously the results are taken, most of the executives who play the games enjoy them. F. W. Maund, vice-president of the Foundation Company of Canada, said after a game at RemRand last month that he felt he'd had to play "real poker." But as for putting a game into use at his firm, "God no! We play that game all the time and the stakes are high. Let's not have any more. Besides, I don't think the game can tell us anything we don't know already."

—ROY SHIELDS

The human drama of the divorce filibuster

PERHAPS THE MOST MOVING DRAMA in Canada this season has been set in the House of Commons. Its stars are two young CCF MPs, Frank Howard, from Skeena in northern B. C., and Arnold Peters, from Timiskaming, Ont. Its theme is unhappiness—as it is evident in pleas for divorce from Quebec and Newfoundland.

Traditionally, since neither of those provinces has a divorce court of its own, Parliament has substituted. Evidence has been heard by a committee of the Senate, which rejected only about one divorce bill of every hundred. The Commons, in its two weekly hours for private members' bills, rubberstamped the divorces with no debate.

This session, the CCF has attempted to force Parliament to set up other machinery to handle the divorce cases, by blocking the method now in use. Each time a divorce case has come up, Peters and Howard have debated it at length, picked its evidence apart in detail, and slowed its passage down immensely.

This has meant that by early June, after 16 hours of debate on divorce (at the \$600 an hour the Commons' time is estimated to cost the country), only 31 bills had been passed. More than 450 couples, who the Senate committee ruled ought to be legally divorced and who had laid out the \$1,500 to \$2,500 a parliamentary divorce costs, were still bound together.

But the CCF filibuster has also meant extra grief to the couples whose petitions have been allowed. For the first time, their cases have been made part of the public record. Their names, often the names of the

co-respondent, and occasionally the names of their children have been read into Hansard.

So far, Peters and Howard have managed to carry the filibuster themselves. But the six other CCF members are prepared to help them if necessary, even though they're all aware of the unhappiness the debate is causing. "It's better," says Erhart Regier, a CCF member from B. C., "that a few people suffer now than that thousands more suffer for years to come."

Will the CCF blockade work? Peters and Howard are convinced it will. They say if they had some indication the government was willing to take the divorces out of Commons, they'd stop.

Meanwhile, Howard and Peters are blasting away at the apparent hypocrisy of the evidence, noting the number of times certain detectives appear, the ease with which they enter hotel and motel rooms to get evidence of "adultery," and the frequent "coincidences" of a detective and the husband or wife together discovering the adultery.

But for all its frequent sordidness, the divorce debate has had its lighter moments. One Tuesday, with a group of schoolgirls in the visitors' gallery, Peters read this testimony (to the Senate committee) into Hansard:

Q: How many beds were in the room?
A: (from a Montreal investigator) Only one bed.
Q: You stated they were both lying there naked; what were they actually doing?
A: Well, actually I think they were looking at TV.
—KLAUS NEUMANN

BACKTALK on hangovers: "They're a boon"

DIFFICULT AS IT WOULD BE to convince him on the morning after, the man who gets agonizing hangovers should be grateful. They could be all that will save him from alcoholism.

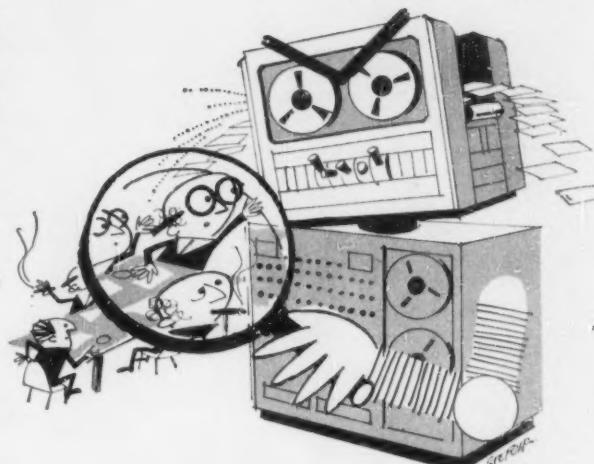
That news comes from a paper presented to the Massachusetts Medical Society by Dr. R. Gordon Bell, a University of Toronto lecturer on drug and alcohol addiction. Here's how Bell supports such surprising backtalk.

There are, he says, three kinds of people who drink. 1) Those who just can't hold it. They get sick while they're drinking. "They're in no danger at all," says Bell. "They can't drink enough to impair their driving." 2) Those who can hold it but suffer mightily afterward. This is by far the largest group—and its members are the drinkers who are helped by their hangovers. Bell explains that "hangover" is the layman's word for acute alcohol poisoning: butterflies, headache, nausea. What alcoholics suffer from is both

acute and chronic poisoning. Chances are the man who has hangovers will decide the pleasure isn't worth the pain and he'll temper his drinking or cut it out. 3) Those who can "drink anyone under the table." They're the ones in real danger, says Bell, because, without knowing it, they can store up enough alcohol in their bodies to become addicted, and experience chronic poisoning—the DTs and hallucinations.

The group-two drinker can graduate to group three. By constant drinking in spite of the hangover he knows he's bringing on, the group-two man can build up a high resistance to after-effects. Then he's in danger of alcoholism.

But even Bell, the hangover's champion, can suggest no miracle cure. His advice: "Nurse the part that hurts. If your head's bursting, take a headache tablet. If it's your stomach, take a stomach powder. If you're mentally slowed down, black coffee may help. And be grateful."



Can machines take the measure of a man?

FOOTNOTES

About high U. S. salaries: The man with the second-highest salary—exclusive of extra compensations—in the U. S. last year was a Canadian, Samuel Bronfman, president of Seagrams Ltd. Bronfman, who got a \$390 raise from 1959 to reach \$358,323, still lags behind C. M. White, board chairman of Republic Steel, who drew down \$375,570. With added compensation—like stock-sharing—of course, a few other executives earn as much as half a million a year.

About advertising: Supermarkets in the U. S., already crowded with marketing displays, are now putting ads on the floor—inset into the covering. But it won't happen here. Larry Sperling, purchasing agent for Canadian Store Fixtures Ltd., says Canadian merchants feel it would simply "stall traffic."

About real estate salesmen: How smart are they? Ontario this year put into effect a regulation requiring all prospective real estate salesmen to take a provincial exam. In three months, only 500 passed it. In 1959, when all that was required was a \$5 fee and a \$1,000 bond, 1,400 new salesmen entered the business.

About ghost towns: Though it will certainly be the most publicized casualty of the uranium bust, Elliot Lake won't be the first. At Port Radium, site of Canada's first uranium mine on Great Bear Lake, employment has dropped to 190 from 250. By September, when work on the mined-out ore body stops, only two watchmen will be kept on.

About emigration: On a parking lot 200 feet inside the U. S. and 35 miles from Montreal as the crow flies, 80 Quebec families live in trailers. It's cheaper. Mobile homes cost about \$1,000 less in Vermont than in Quebec. Parking-space fee (from the trailer dealer) is free the first year and \$1 a month thereafter. The trailers can be brought into Canada 30 days at a time with no duty.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: One message we hope the prime minister gave the president

What Prime Minister Diefenbaker actually said to President Eisenhower when they met in June, history will doubtless reveal in due course. For our part, we hope it ran something like this:

Mr. President, it's important that you should know exactly how your friends feel about the events of the past few weeks — the U-2 spy flights, the failure of the Summit, the Soviet motion of censure that was defeated in the Security Council. Nobody but the satellite Poles voted for the Soviet motion against the United States, and several free nations — including Canada — made statements denouncing Mr. Khrushchov's attempt to split the Western alliance. You might think, therefore, that the free nations in general approve of the actions and policy of the United States. If you do think that, Mr. President, you're mistaken.

An eminent Presbyterian once said to the first prime minister of Canada, Sir John A. MacDonald: "I have always supported you, Sir John, whenever I believed you were right." Sir John replied: "That is no use to me, sir. What I need are men who will support me when I am wrong."

Mr. President, that's what your allies are doing now. We are supporting the United States against the Soviet Union because the Americans are friends and the Russians are enemies. When we're forced into a choice, as we were in May, we'll always take the American side if we possibly can — and luckily in this case, Mr. Khrushchov's bad manners and bad diplomacy gave us all a good excuse. Publicly and for the record, we are with you in this dispute.

Privately and off the record, we think you were dead wrong. We'd feel happier if you let us know that you think so yourself.

We know the Russians are spying on us, too — we caught them

at it even before you Americans did. We take it for granted that you and the British and the French are doing your best to spy back, and we don't blame you. In fact we hope you are more successful than we think you are.

But the U-2 overflights were not ordinary spying, Mr. President. They were different in several ways. The ordinary spy is just a man — a defenseless man trying to get information. If he succeeds he does some damage to the country he is spying upon, but he doesn't really threaten it seriously. An aircraft does. An aircraft could drop a hydrogen bomb — or, almost as bad, it could make the spied-upon country *think* it was about to drop a hydrogen bomb, and thus set off the kind of nuclear retaliation that could wipe out life on earth.

That's one difference. Here is another: When you send an American aircraft over another nation's territory, and when you say you have a right to do so in the interests of your own safety, you are denying the principle of national sovereignty. You are saying in effect that whatever other people may be allowed or forbidden to do, Americans have a right to go anywhere they like. Frankly, Mr. President, this notion worries your friends as well as your enemies.

We prefer to think that if you are using our territory to do something that we think wrong or foolish, we can tell you to stop. At the moment, we think the idea of an unprovoked attack from Soviet Russia is frightening your generals a little too much, whereas the idea of *any* nuclear attack, from either side, isn't frightening them nearly enough. The result is that they are frightening us as well as the Russians. We'd be relieved, Mr. President, if we could learn that they frighten you a little, too.

MAILBAG: A housewife's tip on children's kites and one from us on willow whistles

Oh, how I wish my husband, a wonderful man, had had the childhood of Robert Thomas Allen (author of *The Wonderful Things We Built In Our Basements*, June 4). Not a month ago our five-year-old son wanted to make a kite. I appealed to his father. He flatly refused, saying he had never built a kite. I found this hard to believe and looked up the law in the Book of Knowledge. I confronted him with the instructions. He gave me a displeased look won-

While the bark is still on, cut a cavity the shape of a pipe-organ vent into this end of the stick. Slip the bark off and pare down the surface of the stick above the vent, to make a small passage for air between bark and wood. Slip the bark back on. Put the whistle to your lips. Blow. If no sound comes out, this is a sign that Maclean's editors are much older and poorer in memory than they thought.

when such expenditures can be made on anything to reduce human suffering (instead of adding to it) there just isn't any choice. Who can honestly and in good conscience oppose it? —PHILIP W. WILLIS, NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.

Businessmen: too busy for sex?

I can't resist making a few observations about Dorothy Sangster's article, *The Trouble With Middle-Aged Men* (June 4). Except for some of Hugh Garner's stuff, Maclean's to me is one of the best organized publications that we subscribe to. And now Miss Sangster joins the group who get a large section of the



dering why anyone should go to that amount of trouble to tug on a string of something that probably wouldn't fly anyway. I tried in vain to point out the fun was more in the making of the thing than in using it afterward. He was saved from the ordeal when a week later the Texaco Company gave away a plastic facsimile for 25¢ when we bought a tank of gas. I helped our son assemble it and, when we took it out of doors, he fairly had to scream, "It's my turn, Mommie," to get the string out of my hand. I remember making the willow whistle Mr. Allen mentioned and early this spring I tried to show my offspring but darned if I can remember how. Perhaps you will be so kind as to tell me. —MRS. G. R. COLLEAU, CRANBROOK, B.C.

Cut a willow stick about four inches long. About half way down, cut a line around the stick, so the bark will slip off one end after it's softened with water.

Cheers for our Bomarc program

A group of us at the university are gathering a few signatures of representative business, labor and professional leaders in the Hamilton community to support a petition to the government inspired by your June 4 editorial. (A practical program to save lives with the Bomarc millions.) Here is our letter to Prime Minister Diefenbaker: "... We look with great sympathy upon the proposal to take the remainder of the \$8 million already taxed for and voted with a view to buying Bomarc missile sites, and to transfer this sum to the medical or welfare program of some Asian or African member of the Commonwealth. We suggest that this proposal is scientifically practicable, simple, and completely within our means... The sum involved is pin money in defense terms, but quite adequate to win a total victory within five years in one nation's war against yaws, leprosy or malaria..." —PROF. WILLIAM KILBOURN, McMaster University, HAMILTON.

✓ We have been very pleased with your stand on radiation, nuclear disarmament and such related subjects in recent months, and we hope you will continue to emphasize these vital problems. —MRS. R. R. BENNIE, SECRETARY, PENINSULA COMMITTEE ON RADIATION HAZARDS, GIBSONS, B.C.

✓ Any funds which can be diverted from such expenditures (as the Bomarc) represent a clear gain. But



population steamed up about a subject about which she obviously has had no personal experience or has been influenced by the ravings of some psychiatrist... I have cudgeled my brain trying to think of any of my friends between 45 and 55 who have grimly realized that they are "over the hill" and are contemplating suicide or taking off with a little blond number from the next office. Surely a successful business or professional man hasn't much time to worry about impending impotence. One would think from reading Miss Sangster's article that the sex angle is what ninety percent of men think of in their home life. Nonsense. —DR. F. B. BOWMAN, HAMILTON. ★



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MEN'S COMPANION CASE, \$32.50

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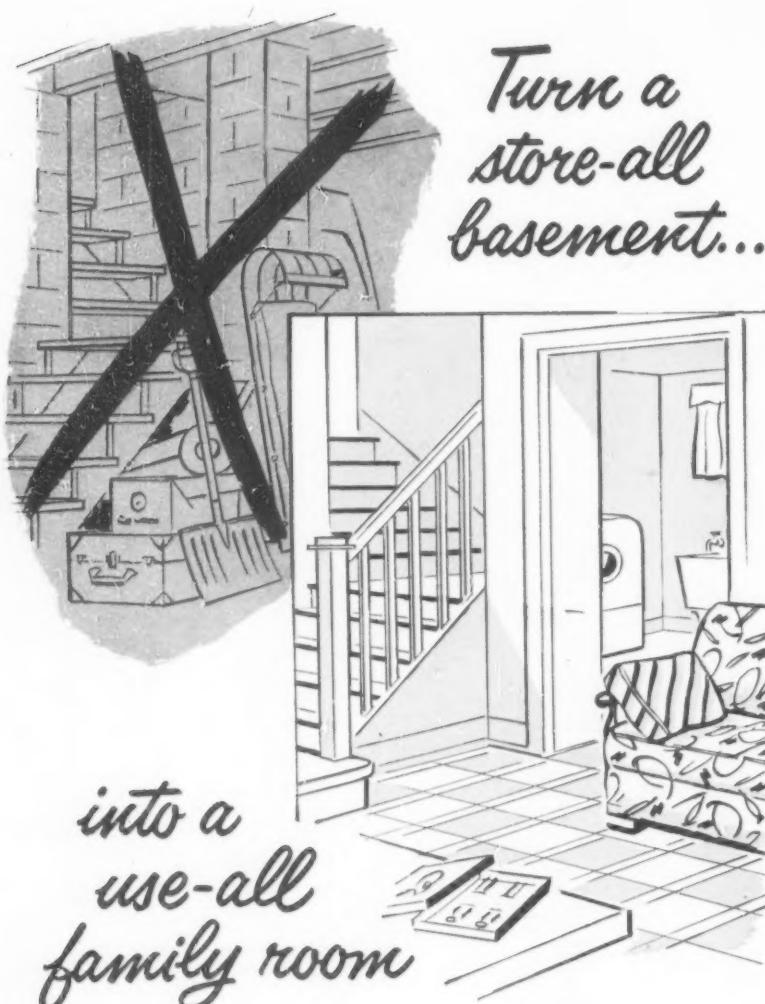
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THE COVER ARTIST

Rex Woods says he always takes special delight in drawing sailors. Though he was never one himself, he was born in England into a family of sailors and shipwrights. He came to Canada at 17 and has since put in almost 40 years as a magazine illustrator in Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 7, Horst Ehrling / 8, Miller Services, Wide World / 11, George Robertson / 14-17, Dan Newlands / 18, Jack V. Long / 20, 21, Bob Brooks / 23-25, Maynard Frank Wolfe.

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For the sake of argument



MARIKA ROBERT SAYS

The Canadian male is a lout in love

Dear Eva,

You asked me to tell you about North American men and the relationship between the two sexes on this continent. I don't really know where to start; all I can say is that it is a surprising, often bewildering, and completely strange world to us Europeans—a world where men take body-building courses, idolize toughness and violence and then sit back and wait to be seduced; a world where sex is learned from handy manuals and practised as a hygienic pastime stripped of all romantic accessories; a world where, by the simple act of marriage, Lolitas are transformed into Victorian matrons; and where murder, dope addiction, prostitution, and drunken brawls are described and acted out *ad nauseam* for the entertainment of grownups and children alike, yet where no one can be adult enough to be confronted with adultery.

Men don't ogle girls

Sex is not in the air here as it is in cities of Europe. Men don't turn around if a pretty girl walks by; they don't make remarks about her legs; they don't really give her the eye. They don't even ask for matches, or if by any chance they do, it only means they want to light a cigarette.

For many months after settling in Canada, I kept wondering what was wrong with me that no one ever paid me a compliment or tried to flirt with me. I don't say I would have been game; but if you are taught for years how to avoid the aggressive attentions of men it is terribly frustrating if there is nothing to avoid.

It isn't that men here approach girls differently from the way Europeans do; they just don't approach them at all. I shall never forget the first party I attended in Toronto. The loveliest girls sat in a row in the back of the room while all the men crowded around the bar telling fishing stories. Can you imagine any European man

preferring the biggest trout to the smallest woman?

I thought they would join us sooner or later, but instead it was the girls who picked up their glasses and walked over one by one. Everybody found this quite natural, and I thought about the many lectures I had received in the old country on how a woman is never allowed to take the initiative. Of course this means that North America is a wonderful free world for girls of the predatory type; but if you can't discard your notions of being the coveted prey you will have a hard time finding a hunter.

For the hunting instinct is not a main characteristic of the North American male. He likes women and is most interested in sex. This is quite obvious from the large number of sex-oriented magazines that are sold on every newsstand. You would probably be surprised to see the enjoyment that not only schoolboys but also middle-aged executives get out of looking at naughty pictures. Naturally they prefer flesh-and-blood girls, but they don't like to go out of their way to obtain them. Lancelots and young Werthers are unknown to this part of the world.

"You want to come with me, Baby?" the North American Don Juan will ask the lady of his dreams. If Baby doesn't want to come at once, he won't likely climb walls, break into fortresses, fight or lie in wait for her. Soon after they learn the alphabet, European boys learn phrases like "You can't run away from me, for I shall follow you to the ends of the earth" and "You say 'no' today and perhaps you will say 'no' a thousand times but I can wait." But such phrases are not even part of the North American male's vocabulary. Time is money, so Baby doesn't get a chance to tease, play and slowly give in, and Don Juan deprives himself of all the fun of anticipation and hard-earned victory.

But then love here is not considered to be an artful game. It is a mutually satisfactory pastime to which the *CONTINUED on page 53*

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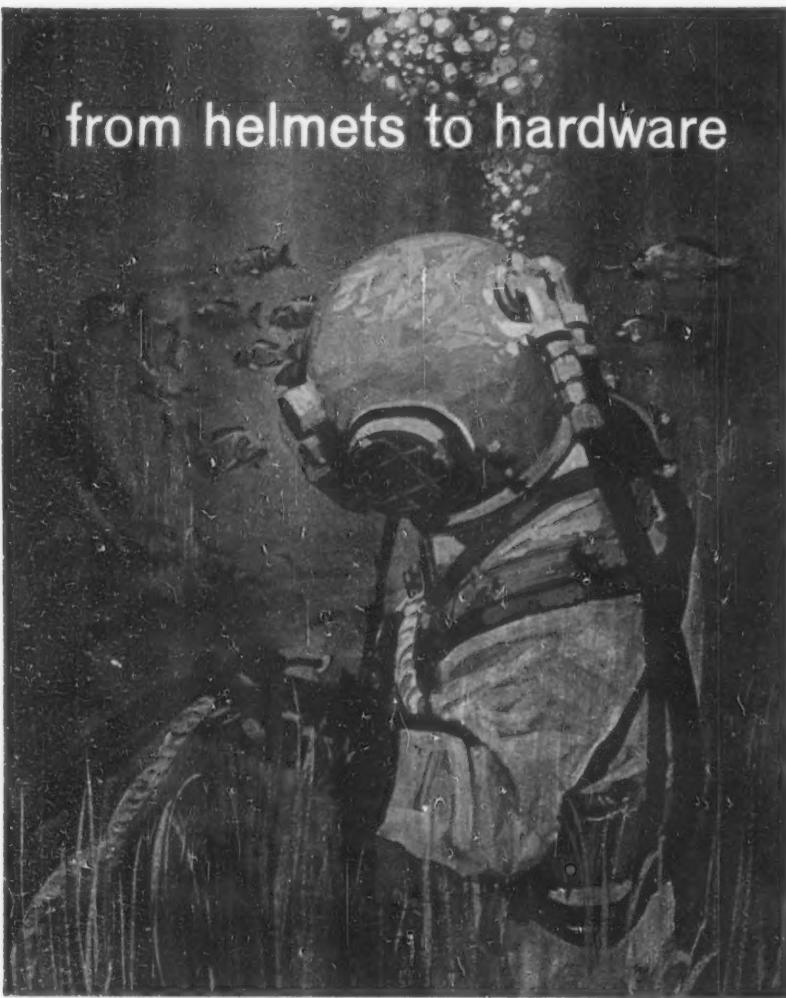
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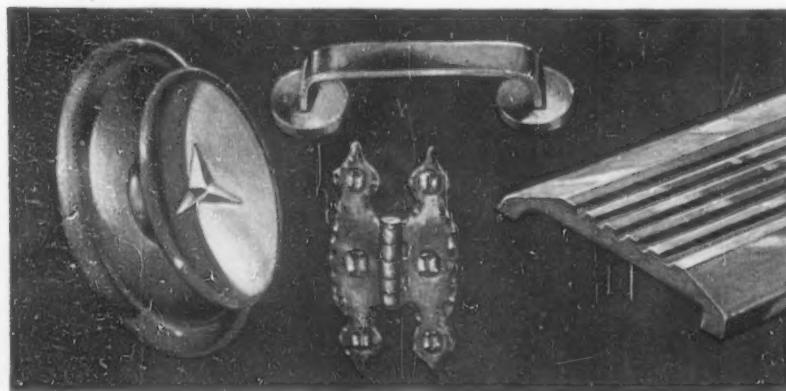
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Religion in politics: the Jew in the War Office

The British are a race of people who like to believe that they possess qualities of character and sportsmanship and that, above all, they are free of racial and religious bigotry. Therefore they are shocked at the suggestion that Senator John Kennedy's chances of becoming president of the United States are reduced by his being a Roman Catholic.

"How different it is in Britain!" they say. "Did we not put Benjamin Disraeli on the political throne? Did we not appoint Sir Rufus Isaacs as lord chief justice, and did he not become the Marquess of Reading? Surely the Americans should try to emulate the tolerance that exists in the United Kingdom."

Let us admit that Disraeli and Isaacs are outstanding examples of how ability and personality can break through the barriers of racial or religious intolerance, but at the same time let us not allow our judgments to be misled by prejudice or sentimentality.

This question of racial intolerance was recently raised in the British press by the publication of the life and death of Leslie Hore-Belisha, a Jewish Tory member of Parliament and journalist who rose to be secretary of state for war and held that vital post when the Hitler war began.

One day, during the false calm of the phony war, Hore-Belisha called me on the telephone and

asked if I would come down at once to the War Office. At such a time this was in effect an order, and I told him I would be with him in fifteen minutes.

By this time, Belisha and I were old acquaintances. Some years before, when he was a private MP, I had taken him on the staff of the Daily Express as an editorial writer. He was at once brilliant and lazy, with a deep-rooted dislike for rewriting or altering his first copy. On the other hand he was a most stimulating companion with an engaging wit and immense self-confidence.

So convinced was he of reaching the summit in political life that he regarded his journalism as a mere tinkering with destiny. His belief in his star was of Napoleonic proportions, and he put no limit to his future. Unfortunately his doting mother saw in him both a Disraeli and a Messiah.

In the Commons he spoke with wit and even brilliance. As minister of transport he transformed London's street traffic by a system of warning lights which became known as Belisha Beacons. By now he was anything but lazy, and like most successful men he thought of nothing and talked of nothing but the task allotted him. Foreign affairs were far-off things. Trade and finance were no more than words in the dictionary. What really mattered in the world was to speed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55



UK: Leslie Hore-Belisha, a Jewish MP, was fired from the war ministry in '40, later turned Catholic.



US: John Kennedy, hoping to run as Democratic candidate for president, faces an anti-Catholic bias.



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Free Asia's revolt against Western ways

BY BLAIR FRASER

Democracy is headed for a crisis in Asia. In Ceylon and Pakistan the crisis has begun; in India it will come when Jawaharlal Nehru disappears, and Nehru is seventy-one this year.

Communists are not manufacturing these troubles — they may become the heirs of all Asia in the end, but if so it will be by default. In Asian democracies, communism too appears as a Western philosophy, and what is maturing in Asia is a revolt against the West — not against Western nations but against Western thought, Western techniques, and the Western-educated minority that is Free Asia's ruling class.

In Pakistan the forms of democracy have already broken down in corruption and incompetence, and have been replaced by the mild but sterile dictatorship of General Ayub Khan. In Ceylon anti-Western feeling overthrew a corrupt but stable government four years ago, and began a period of near-chaos that culminated in a wild outburst of race riots and the murder of a prime minister.

In India the revolt is not yet clearly evident. The Westernized fraction of the population (which fiercely resents being called Westernized) remains in control of a state that is closer to Western-style democracy than any other east of Suez. But in India too there are signs that calm acceptance of Western ways will not outlast Prime Minister Nehru.

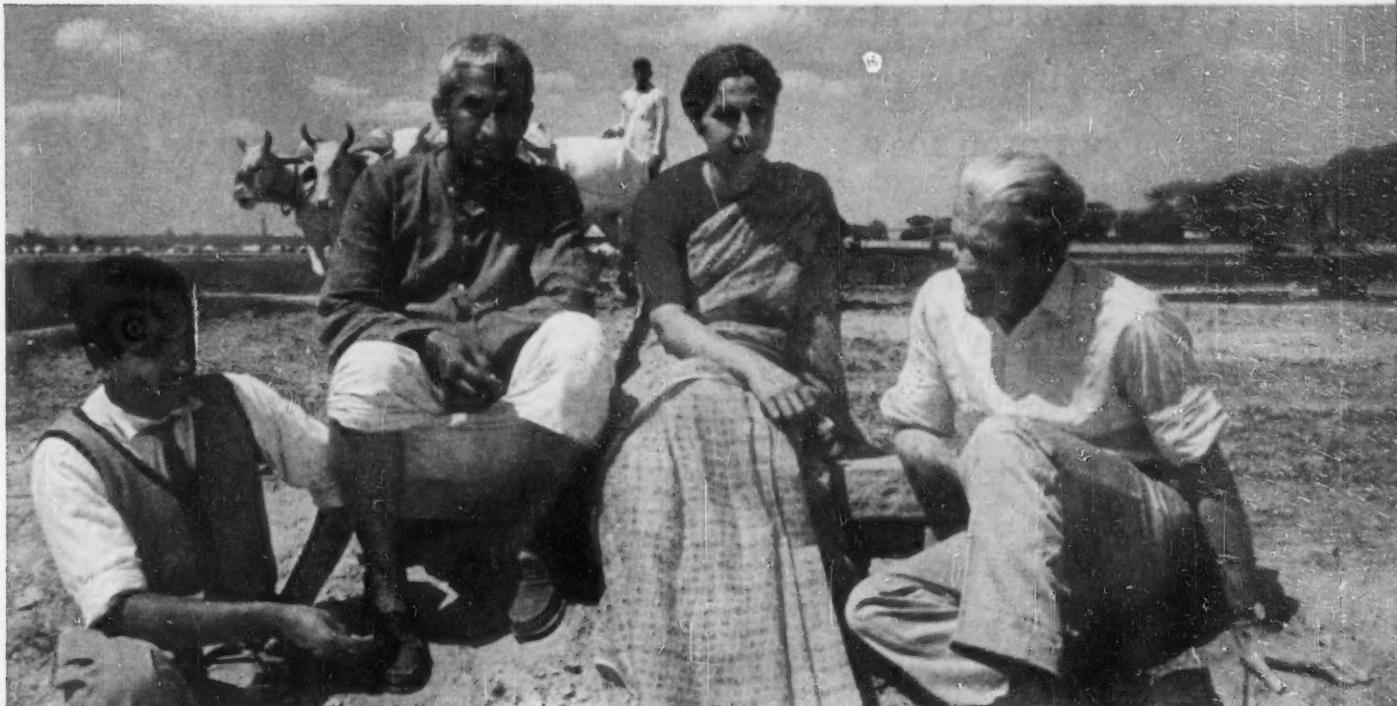
About one percent of India's four hundred million people speak English, and the proportion in Pakistan and Ceylon is about the same. They are the only channel for Western

aid and Western skills to the Asian masses, the only voice of Free Asia to the world. They are also the links among cultural groups within Free Asia — Urdu and Bengali, Tamil and Sinhalese, Hindi and a dozen others. Thus they hold a natural monopoly of political power.

On the balcony of a dingy little flat in Old Delhi, looking down on a street that swarmed with sacred cows, bullock carts, peddlers and beggars, I listened to a remarkable Indian explain why this monopoly of power couldn't last much longer.

"There are two Indias," he said. "There is the one you visitors meet — Westernized people who call themselves Indian nationalists, but who think and dream in English. That's the India of Nehru's Congress Party, parliamentary democracy, the Indian civil service. Maybe one percent of the population, if that.

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At Kanpur, near Delhi, Fraser (right) and his interpreter (in sari) get conflicting stories about the village's new bullock-powered water pump. It is many times more efficient, in theory, than the old type, but villagers haven't been able to make use of the extra power.



The great First of July foot race

BRUCE HUTCHISON,
the last survivor of Fortune, B.C.'s
first Dominion Day,
now reveals what *really* happened
when Sir Wilfrid Laurier
came to town
and the Fortune Flier
finally ran out of beer

ILLUSTRATED BY HUNTLEY BROWN



"At the straight-away, the Flier's legs crumpled, and he sat down. The crowd let out a cry of horror."

THE FIRST DOMINION DAY celebration in our town of Fortune was planned quite innocently. Oh, I know the legend of British Columbia tells it differently, but as the last survivor I can testify that no affront to Sir Wilfrid Laurier was intended. My uncle and guardian, Cedric Tuttle, made his motives clear from the start.

"Laurier," Uncle Cedric said, "is a French-Canadian. But he can't help that."

"And a Liberal," said Art Cribbens. "He can help that."

"Yes, and a Liberal," Uncle Cedric agreed, "but he happens to be prime minister and you can't help that — not till the next election. And he's passing through here on the first of July."

At my age of nine I wasn't supposed to hear these important civic discussions in the harness room of Seth Ponsford's livery stable, but I listened from the yard, pretending to currycomb my pony.

"July first is the nation's birthday," Uncle Cedric added. "And you might say Fortune's birthday, too. A happy coincidence."

There was some truth in that coincidence. The town of Fortune had hardly existed a year earlier, when the sawmill opened. It must have been the youngest town in the B.C. interior.

Uncle Cedric sipped his glass thoughtfully, twisted the sharp points of his mustache and squinted at the others over the gold rims of his pince-nez. I recognized a certain gleam in his hard gray eyes.

"French-Canadian and Liberal," he repeated, "but you can't ignore him."

"Why not?" Art Cribbens demanded. The face of the Weekly Courier's founder and editor, round and white as a china plate, took on a faint pink tinge and he began to bob up and down on the springs of his tiny legs. "Why not ignore him? He's ruined the country, hasn't he?"

"True enough," said Uncle Cedric. "But you've got to look at it in a big way. The eyes of the nation will be on us."

Dandy Fortune, who had given the town its name and its Palace Hotel — a man believed to weigh over three hundred pounds, all solid gold, as was commonly said — had been leaning as usual against the door post and silently picking his teeth. Now he removed the toothpick from his mouth, looked at it intently down his crimson nose and slowly brought himself to the point of utterance.

"Liberal or French-Canadian," he said in his wheezing, creaky

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THE MEDICAL EMPIRE IN THE QUEBEC BUSH

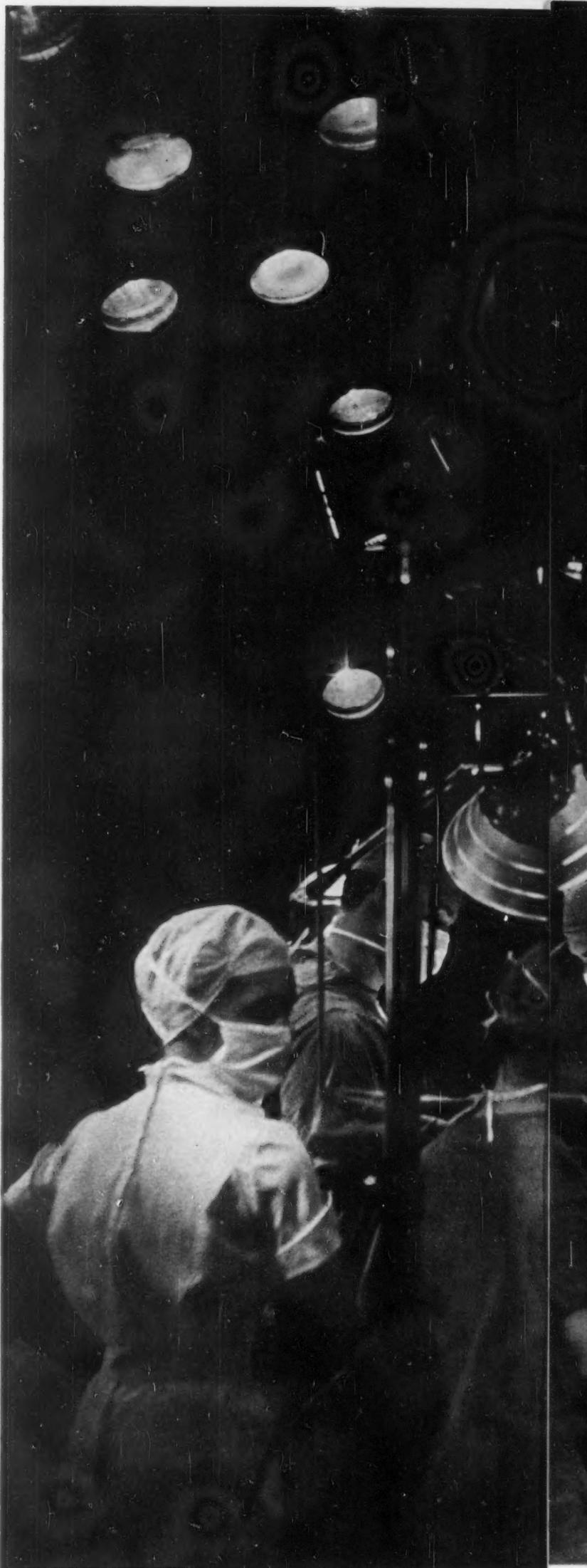
Chicoutimi's leading industry is an astonishing hospital that telecasts surgery in color and adds buildings as fast as many big-city hospitals add beds—an unlikely empire built by an iron-willed nun almost nobody knows

By Cathie Breslin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

DEEP IN THE HEART of the Saguenay River country, 110 miles north of Quebec City, a former sailors' home has grown into one of the biggest, richest and most progressive medical centres in Canada. Whether Chicoutimi needs it or not, the town's Hôtel-Dieu St-Vallier Hospital is a medical empire rivaling and often surpassing the general hospitals of Canada's largest cities. Hôtel-Dieu's proliferating possessions include:

- a \$250,000 closed-circuit TV system for transmitting operations in color.
- an eight-hundred-seat theatre, which, between medical conferences, holds fashion shows, community concerts and touring plays.
- a main building with eleven wings added since 1902.
- two branch hospitals in nearby towns.
- a 2,550-acre farm — the region's largest — that supplies the hospital with vegetables and sells large surpluses as well.
- a fifteen-room suite for the chief surgeon, including six fully equipped examination rooms and a "relaxing room," with shower and sun lamp, for his secretaries. Among the suite's furnishings and accessories are an eight-foot combination stereo-and-short-wave console, a short-wave transmitter for sending messages to the chief surgeon's hunting lodge, autographed photos of chief surgeon



A color-TV camera picks up a cancer operation (above) in one of 18 opera-

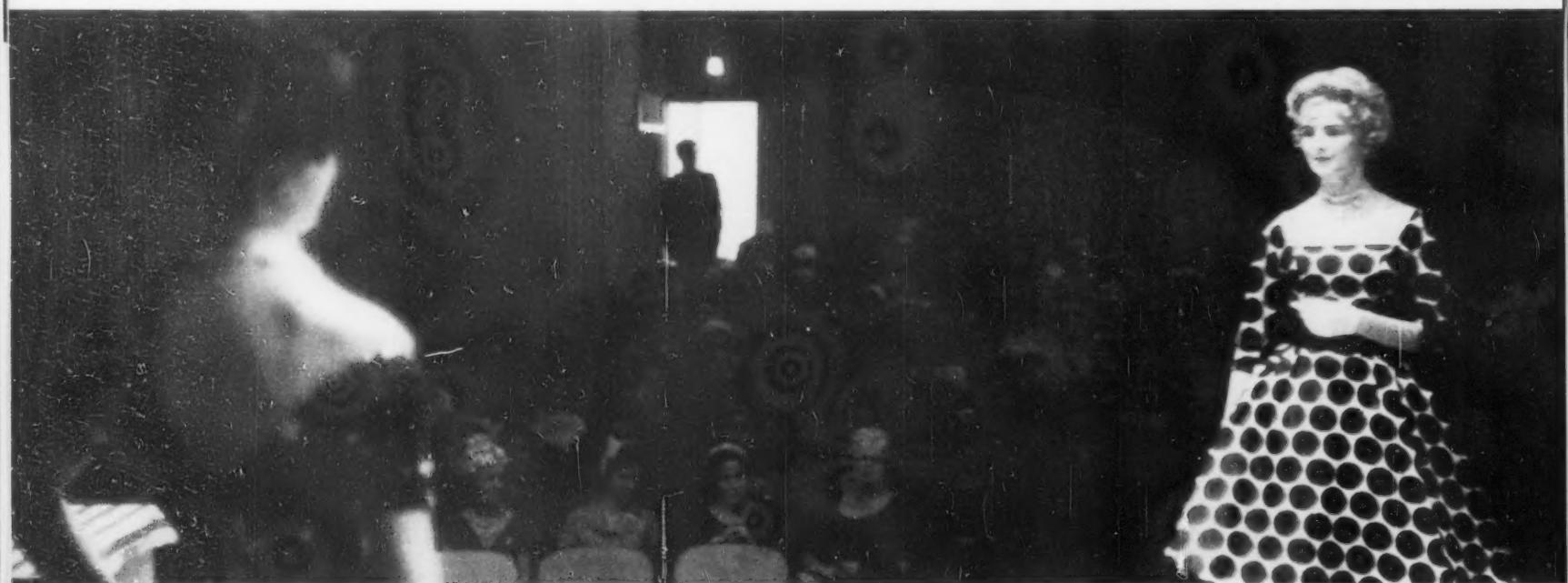


ms in Hôtel-Dieu St-Vallier; in another room, student nurses (right) study it on a screen. Centre: a nun-patient climbs the hospital's circular staircase.
8 opera

THE MEDICAL EMPIRE IN THE QUEBEC BUSH continued



The hospital, with eleven wings added since 1902, dominates Chicoutimi, giving the bush town five times as many hospital beds per capita as the average town in Canada.



The social whirl: Hôtel-Dieu's 800-seat auditorium is often used by groups from outside the hospital. Besides fashion shows, it books community concerts, touring plays.



Gerard Gagnon's famous patients (including Clare Booth Luce), a brandy decanter for queasy patients, and a cooler full of champagne.

One of the most amazing things about Hôtel-Dieu is the woman who has spent the past nineteen years making it grow. She is a five-foot, fifty-seven-year-old cloistered nun called Sister Marie-Joseph, whose wispy voice and reluctant smile mask a determination to keep her empire under whiplash control.

Officially, she's hospital bursar. Unofficially, she's much more. "You can't buy so much as a pin without a requisition from her," sighs one physician. "Not one of the nine hundred employees is hired or fired without seeing her, and she fixes every salary. She busies herself with everything. She's up every morning at five with the rest of the nuns, and she's always working at her desk past nine at night."

You're "in" in Chicoutimi if Sister Marie-Joseph admits you to her office. A few chosen favorites can boast of open access, while some doctors have waited up to seven months for an appointment with her.

"I could get to see the Pope more easily," complains one doctor.

At one time or another, most of the region's leading citizens have been summoned to the parlor outside her office. "No matter who he is, he's scared the first time he meets her," says a Chicoutimi contractor. Her staff doctors think of her as a combination of Maurice Richard, Charles de Gaulle and a General Motors president.

No one can explain why Sister Marie-Joseph keeps her hospital in a perpetual state of expansion.

"Here we are a little country of our own, proud and independent," says Jean-Gérard Lamontagne, editor of *Le Progrès du Saguenay*. "Her aim has been to make this one of the biggest, the best, the most modern hospitals in Canada. The Saguenay people think this is no more than they deserve."

But a Montreal doctor takes a far less charitable view. "You beware of those people," he says. "They multiply and multiply. They'd add the city's hotel beds to make their hospital bigger." (To be in line with the national average, Chicoutimi, with thirty thousand residents, would need only 168 hospital beds. Hôtel-Dieu has nine hundred.)

There are those in Chicoutimi who think Sister Marie-Joseph started her building program partly to avoid being promoted to a job outside the hospital. When she was moved up from accountant to bursar in 1941, it seemed likely that her next job would be as bursar-general for the Order of St. Augustine throughout Quebec. "She began constructing wildly so that no one else could possibly finish the job in Chicoutimi," one doctor claims.

Soon the diminutive nun became a symbol of the Saguenay people, who backed her to the hilt, despite the suspicion that their hospital care was going to be more than adequate. (One dissenting voice, *Le Régional*, a tabloid weekly, launched a series of exposé articles — then stopped them abruptly.)

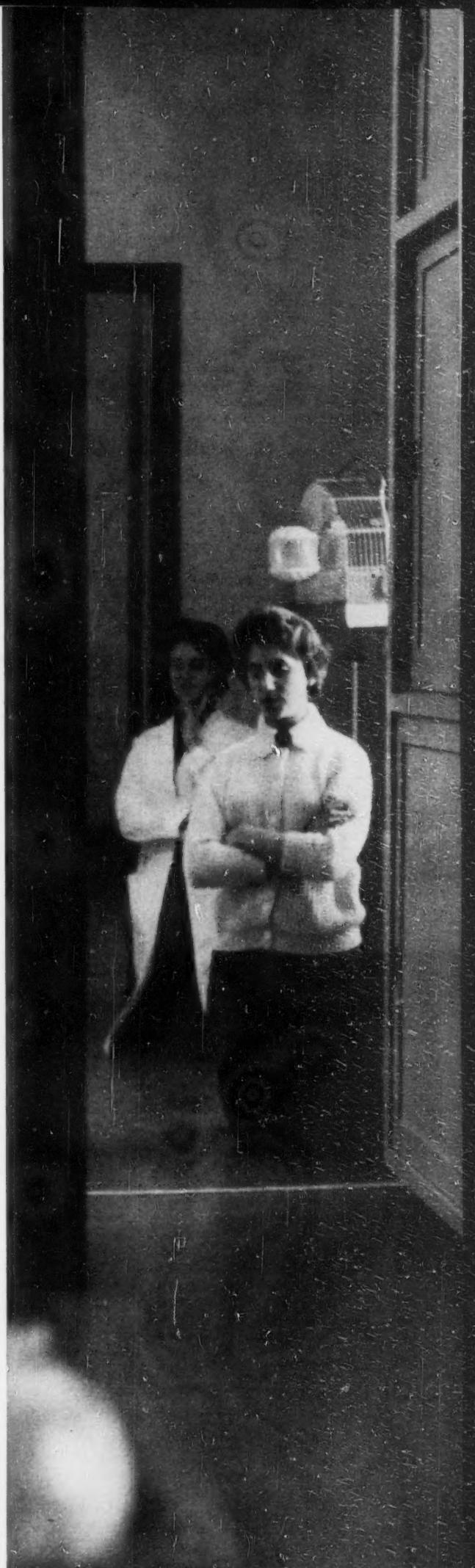
Today Hôtel-Dieu is run just the way Sister Marie-Joseph thinks it ought to be — with the best of equipment and with strictest attention to her own ideas and regulations. The parking lot provides electrical heating outlets for sixty cars. A pneumatic system shuffles messages and specimens between the hospital's thirty-eight departments. A moustachioed gendarme stands guarding the main door, the elevator man adds to this formal atmosphere

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



The Boss: Sister Marie-Joseph, who is officially bursar.

The chief surgeon: Gerard Gagnon practised in U.S.



The staff's routine: the Angelus instead of coffee breaks.



Can Frank Read's oarsmen outrace the world - again?

Driving his crews like galley slaves, UBC's rowing coach has twice turned gangs of green kids into international champions, almost overnight. This summer, at Rome, he may do the impossible for the third time

BY RAY GARDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK V. LONG

Read (upper left), bellowing through a loudhailer heard

DURING THE PAST ten years, while most other Canadian athletes have hardly made the grade as even second-rate contenders in international competition, rowing crews from the University of British Columbia have won a secure place among the world's best oarsmen.

The young rowers from UBC have swept to victories in the Olympic and British Empire Games and once came close to winning their sport's supreme prize, the Grand Challenge Cup of England's Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames.

Their record is all the more remarkable because part of it has been achieved in competition against United States crews from colleges that spend lavish sums to provide the finest coaches and



he harder Vancouver Harbor, implores, commands and bullies his crews to greater effort. When an oarsman broke down, he warned: "If you get out now, you'll never get back in."

equipment and boathouses where the oarsmen may live while in training.

In contrast, rowing, until recently, had always been a neglected sport at UBC. Six years ago the university spent only a few hundred dollars on rowing and even now spends only six thousand, less than a tenth of what is spent by some U.S. colleges.

UBC doesn't even have its own boathouse. The crews must travel from the campus right across Vancouver to use the facilities of the Vancouver Rowing Club. When they were training for the 1956 Olympics, UBC oarsmen lived for a time in a condemned house and worked as laborers to pay the rent.

The university has no paid rowing coach but depends upon the voluntary efforts of Frank Read, a prosperous, forty-nine-year-old Vancouver hotel owner.

In the ten years since he took on the job, Read has proven that money couldn't buy a better coach. It took him four years to learn how to coach and to produce his first champions, an eight-oared crew that won a gold medal at the 1954 British Empire Games. Since then, seven other UBC crews have finished either first or second in top-flight international competition.

Bob Osborne, the University of British Columbia's physical-education director, describes the record compiled by Read's rowers as "almost un-

rivaled in the annals of amateur sport in Canada."

"It has been accomplished," he says, "by hard work and the sheer force of Frank's personality."

Read's finest achievement came when he took two crews to the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne and brought back a gold and a silver medal. Canada won only two gold medals during the entire games.

The UBC four-without-coxswain swept to three victories in three races. In every race its margin of victory was so great none of the rival crews appears in any picture taken near the finish line. In the final they beat the United States by five lengths. (In this event one of the four rowers, in place of a cox, steers the boat.)

Read's eight-oared

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

For two decades
Pepperrell Air Force Base
has provided jobs,
husbands, foster parents and
countless friendships for
thousands of Newfoundlanders.

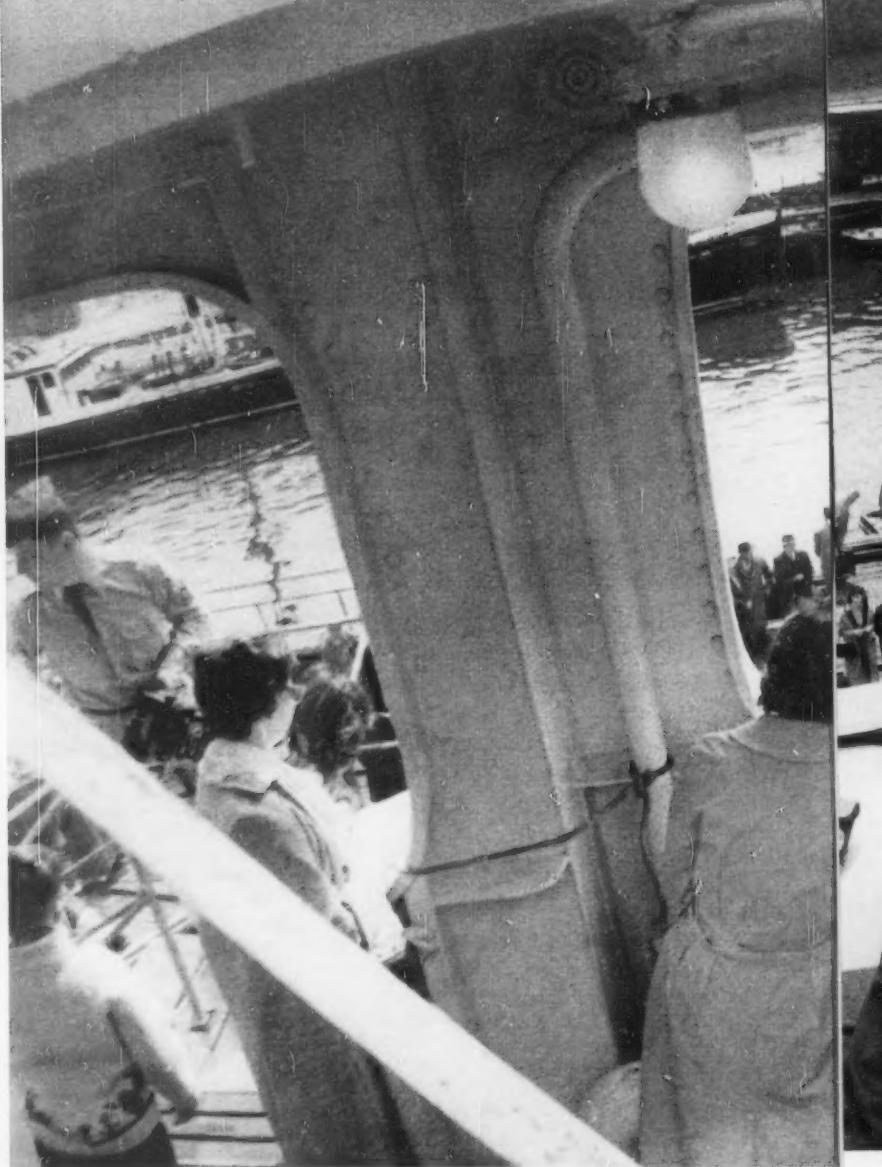
Now there is sadness, apprehension
and mounting unemployment as

THE YANKEES GO



Partying: Lt. Col. R. J. Master, who headed the annual Operation Santa Claus, which meant fun and gifts for orphans and sick children, bids youngsters good-bye.

Playing: Coaches like Charlie Riddle (centre) taught youngsters the American game.



Departing: In this special wide-angle photo, a Maclean's cameraman

the Yanks who played Santa Claus each Christmas to six hundred orphans and sick children.

When Pepperrell was built two decades ago on 1,635 acres leased to the United States by the United Kingdom for ninety-nine years, Newfoundland was only beginning to rally from a depression so severe that the island had been compelled to relinquish its status as a self-governing dominion and revert to the status of a colony under a British commission. Thousands were on relief, wages distressingly low, living standards depressed. The population of St. John's, the capital, had shown little tendency to grow and stood at thirty-four thousand.

The rise of Pepperrell coincided with — and contributed substantially to — the recovery of St. John's from unemployment and poverty. At the outset, it provided hundreds of construction jobs. This and Newfoundland's heavy enlistments in the armed forces eliminated the labor surplus and pushed up wages.

After construction, Pepperrell did three important things for Newfoundland:

1. It filled civilian posts with Newfoundlanders

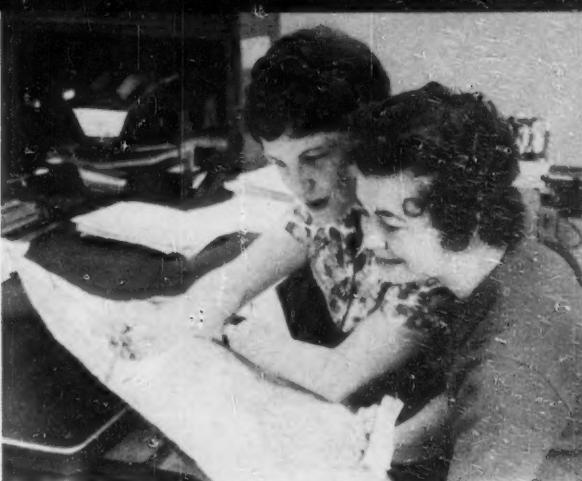
and became the largest employer in St. John's with the possible exception of the government. In 1959, although its operations had already been curtailed, it had twelve hundred Newfoundlanders on the payroll. The average weekly pay cheque was eighty-one dollars, and some drew \$140 a week.

2. It put twelve million dollars a year into circulation in St. John's. This represented perhaps ten percent of the business done in the city. The policy of U.S. authorities was to give Newfoundland companies all the orders they could.

3. It helped boost the population of St. John's from thirty-four thousand to today's sixty thousand and aggravated an acute housing shortage. About a thousand U.S. service families lived outside Pepperrell, renting apartments at from one hundred to two hundred dollars a month. Because they were in Newfoundland, they received an overseas allowance — an allowance landlords did not overlook in setting rents.

Because they worked at a U.S. base, Pepperrell's employees

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



Planning to follow the Yanks to the U.S., two Pepperrell secretaries, Peggy Hawco (left) and Agnes March, map a job-hunting trip they'll begin next month. Staying in St. John's would mean taking jobs at much lower pay.

HOME FROM ST. JOHN'S

BY BREN WALSH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB BROOKS



As some of the 201 Pepperrell families who left St. John's on the William Carson. As the ferry pulled away, they crowded the rail for a last glimpse of friends on the dock below.



Here's how KEN JOHNSTONE learned his lesson

AS A NEW SUMMER season heralds the annual invasion of Canadians from other provinces seeking to explore the unique and charming atmosphere of *la belle province de Québec*, the time has also come for a resident to utter a timely if somewhat anguished cry of warning to those who are planning to point their vehicles in her direction. Just don't be deceived by all that Gallic charm. Don't go overboard for the medieval atmosphere of hamlet and ancient city. And don't go over thirty in the towns — not at any time!

Every man has a right to the conviction that the traffic cops around his own home town are the most ticket-happy highway patrolmen in the world. My case is different: I can prove that in Quebec, along with fine foods and vintage wines, Sunday movies and pilgrimages, the traffic ticket is a way of life. It flourishes particularly along such highways as No. 9, which leads from the border at Plattsburgh, N.Y., via Montreal's cross-river suburbs and several St. Lawrence River hamlets, to Quebec City. This modern highway to Mecca, like the ancient route, is full of traps for the unwary — particularly speed traps.

Until last year the most notorious of these was at La Prairie, near Montreal, where a twenty-mile speed zone into the hinterland regularly yielded a rich annual haul of tourists. But eventually their pitiful screams reached the ears of the late Premier Duplessis, and he ordered his disciples to desist and raise their limit to thirty and a more legitimate bag.

At the nearby town of LaFlèche an enterprising local police squad started staking out Highway 9 for a brief stretch beyond the town where it becomes a four-lane highway, and trying to enforce a thirty-mile zone there. They also bagged an out-of-season catch which the provincial government made them release when the first batch of protesting victims turned up in court.

At Ville LeMoine, which adjoins LaFlèche, I once had the misfortune to pass through the town when the hunters were out on a crowded Sunday afternoon. I was tagged for going through an intersection at the edge of the town at a speed slightly in excess of twenty miles an hour. If I had gone any slower, I would have had my rear fenders pleated by the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Cartoon by
Feyer



Holiday weekend in New York



BY PETER GZOWSKI PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. F. WOLFE

JENNIE AND I had known all about New York most of our lives. We had seen it in black and white and, more recently, in breathtaking full-colored cinemascopic. We had heard its cacophonous pulse as background noise to a thousand movies and radio and TV shows. We had used its geography as adjectives: Park Avenue meaning rich; Greenwich Village meaning In; Madison Avenue meaning Out. We had quoted knowingly from the most esoteric cartoons in its private magazine, the *New Yorker*. We had made good Canadian rye whisky too sweet in Manhattan cocktails and ordered Alberta beef in New York cut sirloins, whatever they are.

Then, one weekend this spring, we visited it. For three days we felt like Alice down the rabbit-hole, never knowing what would turn out the way we had *known* it would, and what would surprise or disappoint us.

Take our first look at New York, or rather the lack of it. By sneaking away from the office a little early, you can fly from Toronto and be in New York in time to catch an evening show. The fare is fifty-four dollars return. But the main reason we chose to fly was to open our weekend with a dramatic, over-all look at the skyline.

We didn't get one. Fog closed in so tightly that our first view of

STORY AND PICTURES CONTINUE OVERLEAF



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



To the Gzowskis, Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum was breathtaking—but “only two paintings were worth keeping.”

the New World's biggest city consisted of tall and scraggly grass lining the runway at Idlewild airport.

By the time we'd emerged victorious from the game of find-your-luggage-and-grab-it-quick that you play at airports and climbed into the first of the fleet of cabs we were to hire that weekend, the fog had turned to pounding rain. While we huddled cheerlessly in the back, afraid to ask about the passing landmarks for fear of being taken on a tourist's roundabout, the taxi scurried like a water spider for our midtown hotel.

Our first cabbie was our second disappointment. He didn't talk out of the side of his mouth, or quote Aristotle, or dope out the presidential election, or do any of the other things New York cabbies are supposed to do. He just drove us where we wanted to go. Furthermore, we were told later, New York's twenty-three thousand taxi-drivers are so afraid of the plainclothesmen from the Hack License Bureau who often pose as tourists, that no matter what greenhorn questions you ask, they'll always take you by the shortest route. Almost, anyway.

We had chosen the Barbizon Plaza, a large, modest and convenient hotel on Central Park South, where we had booked a room overlooking the park for \$16.50 a day.

The doorman who took our bags looked quizzically at a coin I gave him, asked if it were a Canadian fifty-cent piece, nodded, then wheeled off to the cashier's desk to exchange it for real money. On the elevator, I passed Jennie our Canadian money, cautioning her to keep it till we were safely home. In the room, Jennie tried to peer through the fog that covered the park, while I ordered sandwiches to keep us till we could eat after the theatre.

As we were changing, Frank Wolfe, the photographer assigned to follow us, telephoned to arrange to meet us in the morning and, after listening to an account of our first hour, informed me I'd been tipping everyone outrageously. Almost all visitors to New York did, he assured me.

We set out for the ANTA theatre and A Thurber Carnival, the revue based on James Thurber's works that is one of the few hits of this Broadway season. Surprisingly, we'd got tickets for a Friday night just by writing ahead and had good seats for the list price of \$6.90. We arrived early enough to stare at the audience and play a game we sometimes amuse ourselves with in crowds: guessing backgrounds. We had never had better material. In front of us was a squat, sun-tanned, impeccably tailored man in his fifties, sporting a diamond ring the size of a walnut. With him was about six feet of slim

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



In a museum, a hat shop,
a bar and the Automat,
they discovered a
New York of their own



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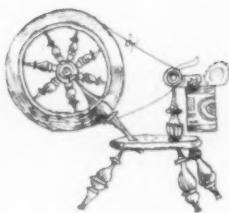
Sweet and sour

Len Norris draws
John Diefenbaker's centennial village



In a speech last October, Prime Minister Diefenbaker said:

"I hope that consideration may be given
(during the planning of Canada's centennial in 1967)
to setting up . . . a composite village to preserve
the irreplaceable treasures of past days
and assure that those treasures
shall not be lost to ensuing generations."



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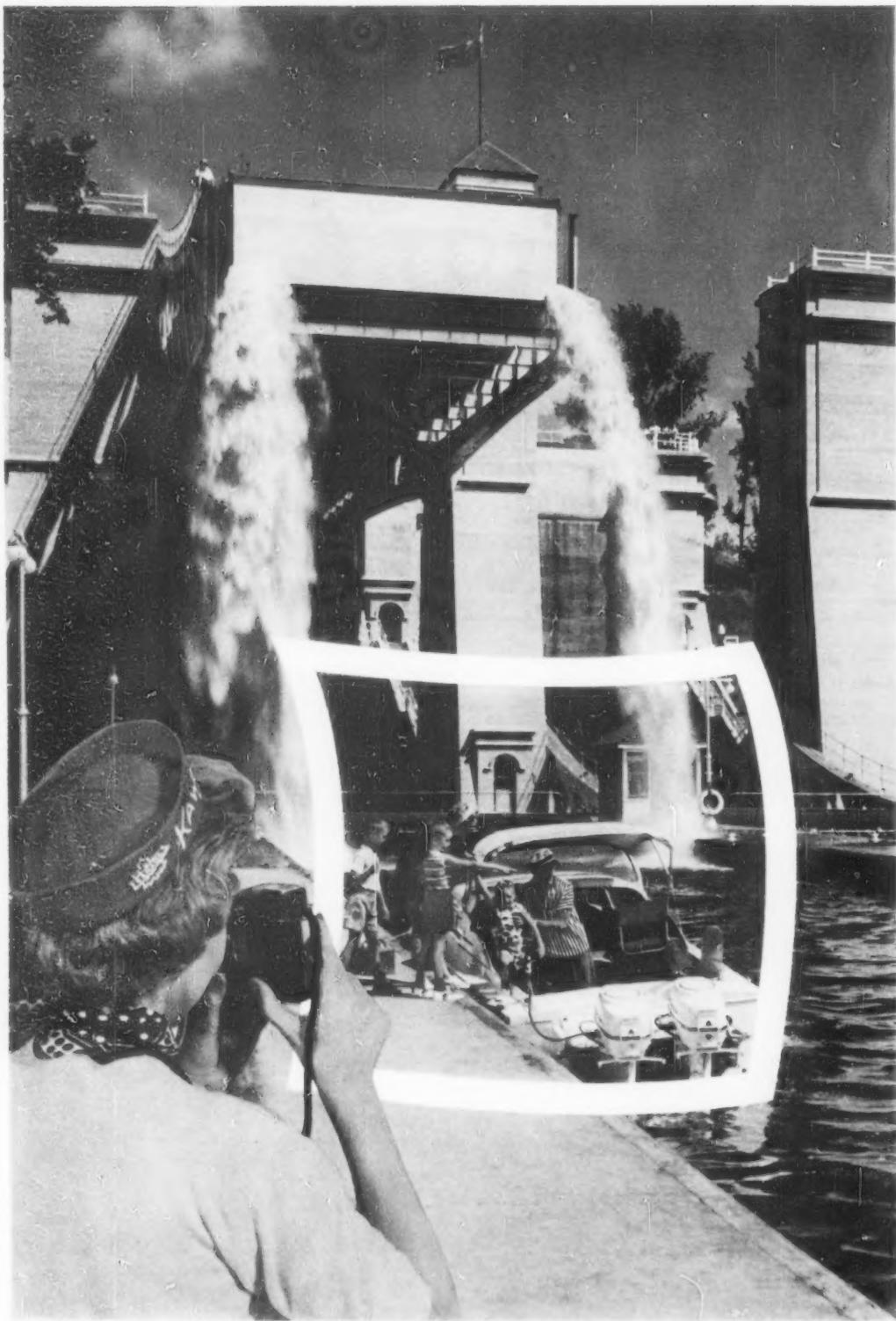
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An easy way to serve a crowd is to prepare plenty and let them help themselves! Arrange paper plates (saves dish washing!), sharp knives, forks, all the garnish and pickles you plan to serve, on the table—then *relax* and enjoy the feast!

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Dad has an enlargement of this Kodacolor shot in his office. To him it symbolizes all the colorful, carefree hours of their unforgettable trip.



Johnny gets souvenir of North Bay, but Dad gets a more lasting remembrance in this wonderful Kodacolor shot of the youngsters.



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

POLLYANNA: Eleanor H. Porter's 1913 best-seller about a relentlessly cheerful little girl has been turned into an astonishingly pleasant movie under Walt Disney's supervision. The producer's choice for the title role, England's thirteen-year-old Hayley Mills, richly fulfills the promise she showed as a tough Welsh ragamuffin in **Tiger Bay**. Adolphe Menjou appears as a cranky old recluse who demonstrates to Pollyanna that with sunlight and a bit of crystal you can make your own rainbows at home. Also in the expert cast are Jane Wyman as the heroine's tight-lipped Aunt Polly, Agnes Moorehead as a whining hypochondriac, and Karl Malden as a hell-and-brimstone preacher. They all fall under Pollyanna's sunny spell. Corn is the basic fare here, but it's well cooked and full-flavored.

BABETTE GOES TO WAR: Brigitte Bardot forsakes her custom by keeping her clothes on throughout this French spy comedy. There is an amusing performance by Francis Blanche as a baleful but stupid Gestapo bigwig.

THE GIANT OF MARATHON: In the division of brainless "spectaculars" this eye-filling melodrama about the days of ancient Greece is an undeniable whopper — and, on the whole, quite good fun if you leave your adult skepticism in the check-room. A great Olympic champion (Steve Reeves) and his brother-athletes defend Athens against an invading Persian horde.

GIRLS AT SEA: A British comedy that stems from the traditions of music-hall slapstick. It is not recommended for customers who prefer subtlety and urbanity. In its own pants-kicking way, however, the film stirs up a fair amount of hilarity from the familiar theme of shapely stowaways on board an austere warship. With Ronald Shiner, Guy Rolfe, Michael Hordern.

THE SORCERERS OF SALEM: A French film (with printed English translations) based on Arthur Miller's indignant American play, **The Crucible**, dealing with the witchcraft persecutions in Massachusetts in 1692. Jean-Paul Sartre's screen version has moments when it drags, but Miller's jolting body-blows against cowardly conformity and guilt-by-association are still full of power and fury. With Yves Montand, Simone Signoret, Raymond Rouleau.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

All the Fine Young Cannibals: Modern Texas drama. Poor.
Battle of the Sexes: Comedy. Fair.
Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.
The Bramble Bush: "Adult" drama. Fair.
Chaplin Revue: Three silent comedies. Good.
Chance Meeting: Suspense drama. Good.
Conspiracy of Hearsay: Drama. Good.
A Dog of Flanders: Drama. Good.
The Enemy General: War drama. Fair.
Flame Over India: Drama. Good.
The 400 Blows: French drama about childhood. Excellent.
Fate of a Man: Russian drama. Good.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
Hell Bent for Leather: Western. Good.
Heller in Pink Tights: Comedy-drama of wild-west show-biz. Good.
Hercules Unchained: Adventure. Fair.
Home From the Hill: Drama. Good.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.
Kidnapped: Adventure drama. Good.
Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.

Masters of the Congo Jungle: African documentary story. Excellent.
Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
Our Man in Havana: Spy comedy. Good.
Please Don't Eat the Daisies: Domestic comedy. Fair.
Rosemary: Adult comedy-drama from Germany. Good.
Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.
Snow Queen: Cartoon feature. Fair.
Stranglers of Bombay: Melodrama. Poor.
Suddenly, Last Summer: Ultra-adult psychological drama. Fair.
Take a Giant Step: Drama. Fair.
Tall Story: Campus comedy. Fair.
The Third Voice: Crime drama. Fair.
Toby Tyler: Circus adventure. Good.
Too Soon to Love: Drama. Poor.
A Touch of Larceny: Comedy. Good.
Trial of Sgt. Rutledge: Drama. Fair.
Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.
The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.
Visit to a Small Planet: Jerry Lewis farce. Poor.
Wake Me When It's Over: Comedy. Fair.
Who Was That Lady? Comedy. Fair.

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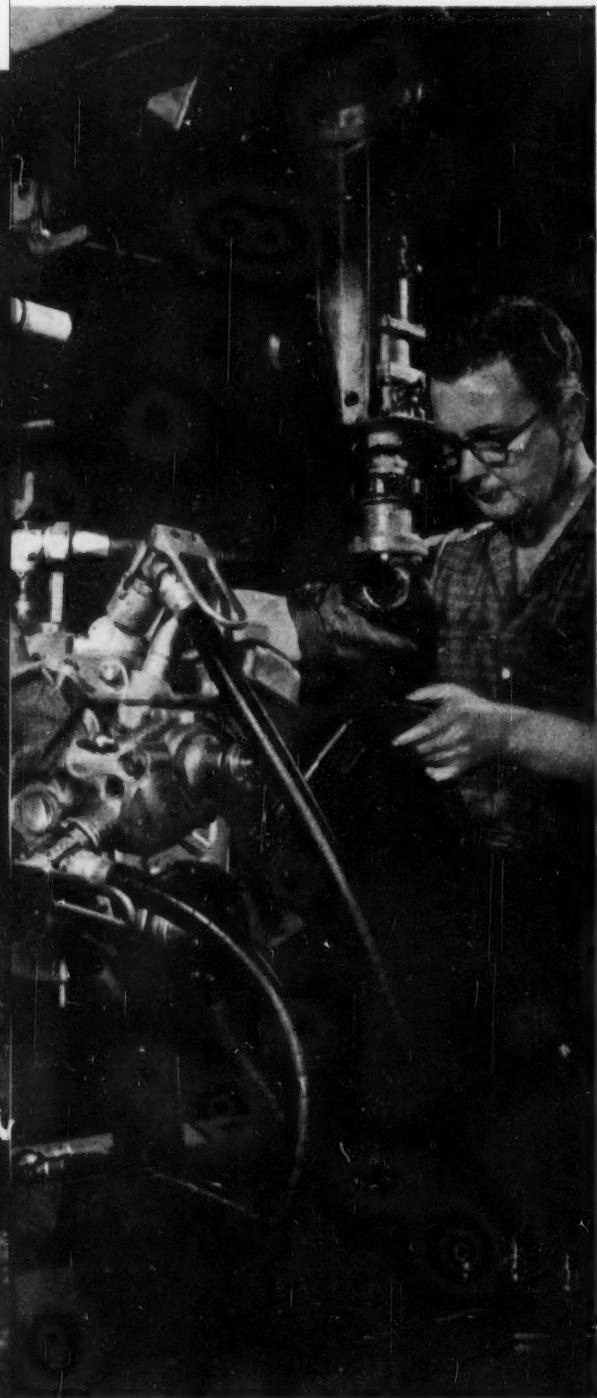
A night to learn about GM quality

The road is wet and rough and dark. Your car splashes through the stormy night. Dependable headlights cut the blackness. You drive steadily along. It was for nights like this that General Motors built so much quality into every part of your GM car.

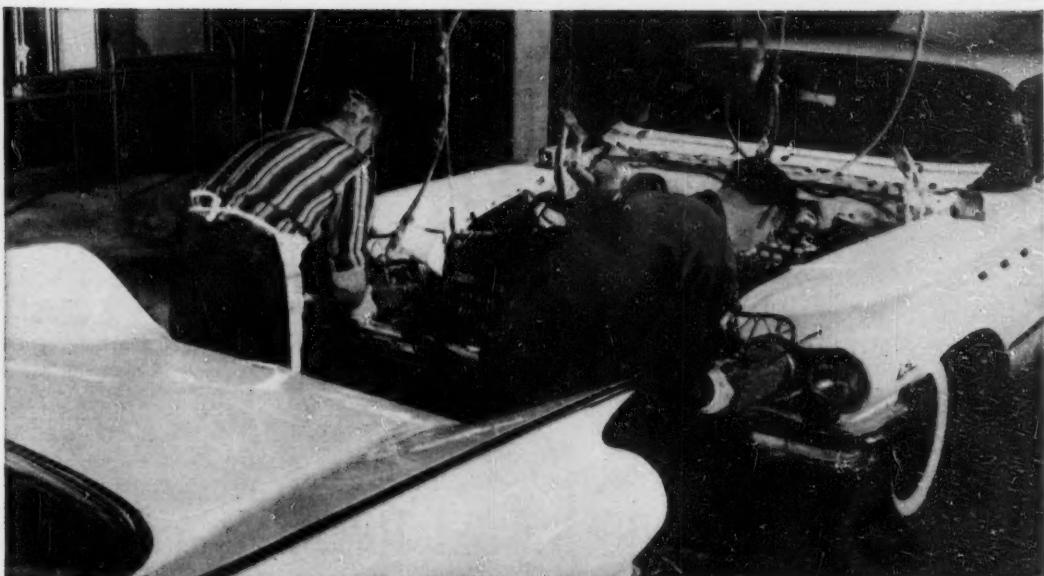
Quality is serious business at General Motors. There can be no doubt about it. We make sure it is built into *all* of our products. Cars and trucks, Diesel equipment and Frigidaire appliances... they all get the extra care, the extra time, that make the difference.

This difference, this quality, shows up when you use products built by General Motors people. It shows up in the dependability of the Diesel locomotive that pulls the train you ride in. It shows up in the reliability of the Frigidaire range you cook with. And it shows up clearly and dramatically when you're driving your car on a real tough night... a night to learn that you can take GM quality for granted.

You can take GM quality for granted because we don't...



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Holiday weekend in New York

Continued from page 24

"On the right, stately Fifth Avenue apartments; on the left, the penthouse of a gangster czar"

curves, wrapped in mink, topped by a magnificent sweep of hair the color of sun-ripened peroxide. "Bookie," said Jennie. "Numbers racket," I preferred. There was also a gaggle of housewives from Exurbia, Conn., two more couples looking as tourists as we did and a grey-haired man so distinguished in appearance that we decided he was an eminent, unsuccessful author, and a serious, dark girl All By Herself and a young man in need of a haircut and wearing Horn-Rimmed Glasses.

The show wasn't nearly as much fun. We'd read much of the Thurber material and judged it no funnier when read aloud, even by such able performers as Peggy Cass, Tom Ewell and Paul Ford.

Afterward, we hailed a cab and went to P. J. Moriarty's on Sixth Avenue. There used to be just one Moriarty's restaurant, further downtown, until Fred Kerner, a Canadian we were to have lunch with on Friday, hit on a singular idea.

He suggested that Moriarty borrow a prop fire hydrant from one of the television executives who convened regularly at the original restaurant. Placed at the front door, Kerner reasoned, it would assure patrons a parking spot even during the heavy theatre rush-hour. The idea worked—until someone who wasn't eating at Moriarty's got a parking ticket and complained to the officer on the beat. By chance, the case came up in court on a day that was light in news. All seven New York dailies carried the story, and

the stately Times ran a page-one picture. Moriarty's was famous.

It is also famous for cream-cheese cake, with which we topped off an after-theatre snack of pink lamb chops and piping-hot French-fried onion rings served by a rosy-cheeked waiter from Montana. Jennie, who weighs 108 pounds and has a passion for rich and gooey and delicious desserts, ate two helpings of Moriarty's rich and gooey and delicious cheese cake. I had two glasses of Irish coffee, as warm and heartening as a mother's love. The bill was around ten dollars.

Though these adventures had kept us out till nearly two, Jennie, who is used to getting up at an unreasonable hour to feed and water babies, bounded from bed about seven to see our view. Twenty-two stories below, Central Park stretched to the north—840 acres of spring. To the right was Fifth Avenue, rows of stately grey apartment houses, where rent runs higher than my salary. To the left, Central Park West, only slightly less fashionable, where one of the towers we could see, we learned later, was topped by the \$25,000-a-year penthouse of gangster czar Frank Costello, who retains it even though he's in a federal penitentiary.

We ordered cheese Danishes and coffee and pulled our table to the window to watch the park come to life. Soon nannies were taking their white-stockinged charges for morning strolls. By nine, we had counted four boxers, eleven poodles and one dane, almost all

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"He's just seen his first tourist."



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to Calvert House*

and make friends with
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attached to ambassadorial-looking men. We watched the park's only patch of white, a skating rink donated to New York by a woman from Kansas City, fill with tiny whirling figures. We reflected that here in the middle of the world's most crowded island is a stretch of land almost as big as Jennie's home town of Brandon, Man. Yet no one lives there and no one may stroll on its paths after 9 p.m.

Frank Wolfe, the photographer, arrived to hear our plans. They were simple, we explained. Having read and annotated half the shelf of guide books and special issues of magazines that are devoted to New York, and having listened wonderfully to the army of our Toronto friends who turned out to be connoisseurs of New York as soon as we revealed our intentions, we'd decided to hell with all that. We were setting out to find our Manhattan.

First, some shopping. To whet Jennie's appetite, we strolled down Fifth Avenue, I tugging her mercilessly past the window displays. At Tiffany's, to show that an emerald was as big as a bird's egg, they'd set it under a stuffed lark. I steered Jennie past that one by pointing upward.

We hadn't really believed the buildings were that tall. We compared optical illusions. I felt that the buildings would fall down if I looked at the top long enough. Jennie was sure she would. A block further down, she spotted a hat shop, but before she could disappear inside like a ferret after a rabbit, I pulled rank (I'm bigger) and our luncheon date.

We arrived at Ratazzi, at 9 East Forty-eighth, ahead of our host, Fred Kerner, but a mention of his name got us whisked to his table. We were just perfecting our protective bored-but-harried look when Kerner arrived, just before our Dubonnets, which were served cold and with a twist of lemon. Fred is a former Canadian newspaperman who has become executive editor of a large paperback publishing house in New York. He talks about his city — New York is his city — the way Toronto Argonaut fans talk about their team in the spring. "I walk to work every morning," he told us over lasagne that was as light as crêpes suzette. "Our choice of friends, of shops, of theatre, of food, of anything, is as limitless as this city. I've lived here, off and on, for ten years. I'm still a Canadian, but this is where I want to live." Before we'd finished a salad of endive and lettuce, I'd caught his enthusiasm and was prepared to start apartment hunting. But Jennie had her eye on those limitless shops.

A cab launched us at Klein's on Fourteenth Street. No woman can resist Klein's. Its buyers look for ends of lines, copies of originals, factory stocks, any dress that's going cheap. Whatever doesn't sell immediately is cut in price, then cut again. A dress may start at sixty dollars, then go to thirty, then fifteen — and end up at \$1.98. There are floors with racks of dresses under five dollars. At a \$2.98 rack we met a scrawny girl shopper who, Frank told us, was one of *Vogue* magazine's most popular models. At a \$9.98 rack, a broad-beamed woman kicked Frank in his beam as he squatted to photograph Jennie. From the battle, Jennie emerged with an Arnel-and-Dacron tweed coat and dress ensemble for fifteen dollars and a black silk shantung cocktail dress for \$9.98. She vows she couldn't buy them in Toronto for eighty dollars.

By now, my girl was in high gear. In the hat shop she'd spotted earlier, she wavered long between two red numbers (at \$2.98 each) then solved her dilemma

by buying both. Then, of course, she had to have red shoes. Twelve dollars.

It was time for a favor for me. Just as Jennie had had to see the shops and would, because she is an amateur artist, have to see the galleries, I had my own pilgrimage to make. I suppose everyone has. Almost anything North Americans do, from playing centre field to making mobiles, is done best somewhere in New York. What I do was done best by a group of geniuses who used to meet at the Algonquin Hotel. After stowing Jennie's forty-three-dollar wardrobe at the Barbizon Plaza and changing to our pilgrimage clothes, we took a taxi to Forty-fourth Street.

The Algonquin is not a very noticeable place. It is, in fact, just a trifle run down, though some well-known theatre people still stay there. But for more than a decade the continent's best writers,

undaunted, we headed for Greenwich Village, where we had tickets for The Threepenny Opera, now in its fifth year at the Theatre de Lys. It is a moody show, whose music starts with Mack the Knife and steadily grows more unwhistlable. It is imaginatively costumed, well cast, brilliantly directed, earnestly performed and by the end of Act II, Scene 3 (not counting the prologue or an interlude) it was boring us. We headed up the street, hand in hand and adventure-bound.

We discovered the White Horse Tavern, looking promisingly dark and noisy. There, legend (and one of our guide books) had it, Dylan Thomas used to quaff beer and, when the bar grew too crowded, retire to the phone booth or the men's room to write his incomparable poetry. That evening, he might not even have found room there. It took us five minutes to scramble to the bar and order 'arf and 'arf, the traditional British half beer and half porter I've yet to see offered in Canada. We armed ourselves with two sweating steins — at twenty-five cents each — and peered about for some Village characters. Most of the crowd seemed about our own age and all of them seemed to be having a good time — two other things we hadn't yet seen in Canada.

Frank, our ubiquitous photographer, had fought his way behind the bar and began firing flashbulbs at Jennie and me. Suddenly, the man on my right, dressed in a windbreaker and needing a shave, drew a thirty-five-millimeter camera from his pocket and began shooting back at Frank. While the crowd cheered both of them, the two camera bugs dueled in the gloom. Frank, having flash bulbs, won.

All this attention, and perhaps, the fact that I had a tie on, made us conversation pieces. Soon we were chatting with the couple on our left.

"Do you live in the Village?" I asked.

"Sure," smiled the man, who was about my age and wore a denim shirt open at the neck and an appropriately worn tweed jacket. Ah, I thought, *la vie bohème*. Did he write poetry, or paint, or compose, or ... ?

"I work in an advertising agency," he smiled. "Let me show you the Village."

He did. His name is Bob Carmody and his girl, who works at the Jewish Aid, is named Paula. Their picture is on the opening pages of this article. They took us to Chumley's, which is a one-time stable and has a sign about an inch and a half high. Inside we had a draft beer and watched the chess games at tables around the wall and browsed among the book jackets that serve as decorations. Then we left by the back door, through a sullen grotto, and looked in at the Roué, where we puzzled at the paintings and left because the poetry reading was over. Then we stopped at a former speakeasy called Julius for hamburgers.

At Bob's suggestion, we went to admire the moonlight on the tiny pink house where Edna St. Vincent Millay, the favorite poet of an earlier generation, had lived. Properly inspired, we decided to end our Greenwich Village evening by shopping for books at the Paperback, a store that stays open till 4 a.m. It wasn't quite as busy as Cole's at Dundas and Yonge in Toronto in mid-afternoon. We chose two volumes of Irving Layton, the Canadian poet, for Bob and Paula, and an Indian cookbook for ourselves. Then we exchanged addresses and crawled wearily into a cab. It was quarter to three.

Saturday, to no one's surprise, we slept in, and there was just time for a coffee



Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, E. B. White — the Joe Dimaggios of the magazine business — used to meet there at the famous Round Table. That Round Table was my Blarney Stone.

Well, all the damn tables are round. They're small and scattered around the lobby and there isn't a square table in the house. Trying to look as inconspicuous as possible, I ushered Jennie to a likely looking one and sat shyly in the most impressive chair. Nothing. Tried another. Nothing. Another. Nothing. Not once did I feel the spirit of Alexander Woollcott. I rang a bell — there's one on every table — fully intending to ask the waiter to show me please where James Thurber sat but my courage failed, and I ordered gin and tonics instead. We drank them and left. I still don't know where the round table was and, frankly, I'm not sure I want to.

My spirits improved at the King of the Sea, a fine, honest restaurant on Third Avenue, recommended to us by some Maritimers. Jennie had cherry-stone clams and crab Newburg; I chose oysters on the half shell and a baked red snapper in lobster sauce. All highly satisfactory. Feeling pro-American, we ordered California wine. The King of the Sea didn't have any but his messenger talked us into trying a rosé from Ohio. It was dreadful.

Gaudy evening
on a New York holiday

TIMES SQUARE

Times Square, in New York City, is not square at all. It is the triangular junction of Broadway and Forty-second Street. But that is far from the most disillusioning fact about it.

This most famous corner in North America is as garish and sleazy as a carny bellydancer, as brassy as a race-track tout. It is loud and cheap and corny — and rather fun to see. Once.

Walking down Broadway from the theatre district one evening this spring, my wife Jennie and I tried to out-name-drop each other with famous signs. We saw Lindy's and NBC, Birdland (starring Canadian Maynard Ferguson), the Latin Quarter (starring Phil Ford and his Canadian wife Mimi Hines), Sardi's and Schubert Alley. Jennie ended the game at Forty-third Street by spotting Canadian Club.

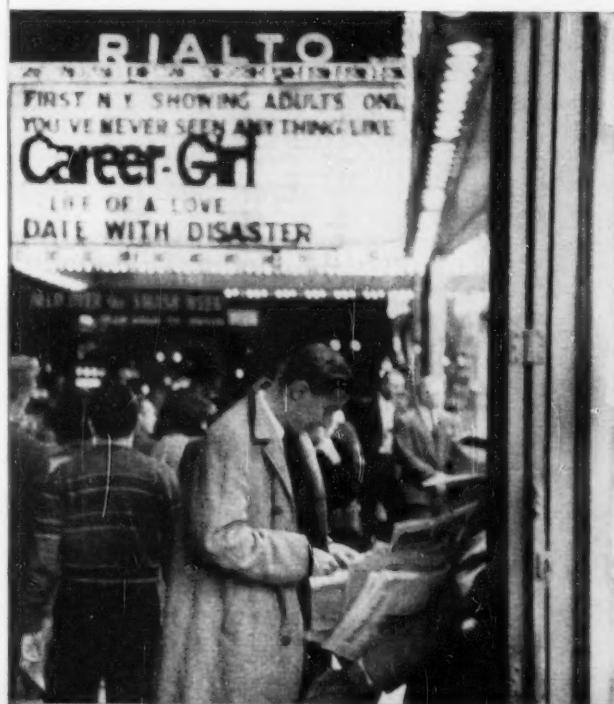
Near Forty-second, the honky-tonk air and the milling crowds — at 11 p.m. — reminded us of the midway at the Canadian National Exhibition. It even smelled like the CNE. One restaurant pumped essence of roast peanut into the night air. Sidewalk booths hustled pallid fruit juice and cotton candy. Souvenirs were everywhere. So was sex. Movies were Uncut. Bars specialized in Girls. Store windows were crammed with things like Bar Accessories for the Sophisticate, most of which were bad jokes about bosoms.

It would be a good place to get lost. Most of the faces we saw were anonymous and lonely looking. One tiny man was selling copies of a paper called the Hobo Press.

Times Square seemed to us a larger, better-lighted version of an area you can find in every big city, even Toronto. Such an area is usually called The Strip.

It was not the New York we had come to see. We left.

— PETER GZOWSKI



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before we started our rubberneck phase. As a now-sophisticated New Yorker and an old Greenwich Village denizen, I do not hesitate to recommend the tourist routine. We did it bottom to top. With Frank as our guide, we braved the subway, carefully avoiding remarks about how much dirtier it was than Toronto's, to Thirty-fourth Street. Then to the top of the Empire State, where we pointed out all the famous buildings we recognized—until an attendant told us we had the map upside down. I can't do better than the boy from Montreal who, two days before us, had written in the guest book his name, address, age (fourteen) and his comment: "Pretty high."

We descended to meet a sightseeing bus, on which the barker, a moonlighting school teacher, seemed to enjoy rhyming off his spiel as much as we enjoyed hearing it. This tour, which took less than two hours and cost two dollars each, was, we felt, the perfect way to get an over-all look at New York.

More prowling, while I priced liqueurs in a liquor store (cheaper) and Jennie found two more cookbooks we'd been after. Then it was time to change for dinner.

We had promised ourselves a best-in-our-lifetime gourmet meal, but at the hotel we realized our timing was wrong. We were too tired, too ravenous and, in truth, a little too late to dine in grand style. So in the city of ten thousand restaurants, hundreds of which dispense some of the world's most exotic food, we settled for the best, hottest and perhaps rarest steaks we'd ever eaten. We had them at Christ Cella, one of a score of excellent steak houses in the East Forties. With a bottle of Pommard burgundy, a superb tossed salad, a wedge of Gorgonzola and coffee, the meal cost us just over twenty-five dollars, including tips.

A movement of theatre magic

We had managed, by scouting ticket brokers and by being willing to pay twenty-five dollars a pair, to obtain Saturday evening tickets for *The Miracle Worker*, the well-reviewed play about the childhood of blind, deaf Helen Keller. It is not, on recollection, a particularly brilliant play. It would make dull reading. Yet two actresses, Anne Bancroft, as the Irish girl who shattered the barrier between Helen Keller and the world, and Patty Duke, a thirteen-year-old who plays the child, make it an evening of wonder. There is a moment late in the third act when Helen, who has stumbled and snarled in a black hell of her own all her life, feels pump water running over her hands and utters a barely intelligible "Wah-wah." It is one of those electric triumphs of theatre that stand the hair of your neck on end.

The long day, ending with the emotional explosion of *The Miracle Worker*, had exhausted us. We took a taxi to the hotel, bought a paper bag of cheese sandwiches and collapsed, happy, in our room.

There was still Jennie's pilgrimage. Sunday morning—late Sunday morning—we took a taxi to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There was just time to buy pretzels and a bag of peanuts from a street vendor and feed some of the hundreds of pigeons that congregate around the Met.

By opening time, one o'clock, we had mapped our attack on the museum and we divided our hour into blitzes on the magnificent collection of Rembrandt and El Greco paintings and the Rodin sculpture. To meet our schedule, I had to keep



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nudging Jennie. But when the hour was up it was she nudging me away from Rodin's *The Thinker*. As I stared at that rippling back, in bronze, I felt my own shoulders begin to tighten.

We walked the few blocks up Fifth Avenue, past more policemen than we'd dreamed existed, who were lining the street for one of New York's famous and frequent national parades, to the much-discussed curves of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. The Guggenheim, of course, is the late Frank Lloyd Wright's last gesture of defiance to conventional architecture. Inside, it's breathtaking. We rode the elevator to the uppermost sweep of its spiral ramp, and marveled.

But as we walked down, our appreciation descended with us. We must be conservatives at heart. Of all the paintings on display only a small, pastel-colored pattern by Paul Klee and a Modigliani portrait seemed to us worth keeping. The others appeared to be composed of great gobs of brown on black and little burned things or bold, bare patterns of primary colors that bored us at a glance. But it is a grand building.

We were not to escape New York without meeting a real New York cab driver. We hailed him outside the hotel. I asked for the Eastern Air Terminal.

"You goin' to Idlewild?" he asked.

"Eventually," I said. "But just take us to the terminal. We'll ride the airline bus out."

"Might as well ride with me to Idlewild," he said. "Save you time. Cheaper."

"Just the terminal," I said.

"Look," he said. "Cost you a buck and a half over there. Then you tip a guy to handle your bags. Then a buck and a half on the bus. Then another tip. Time you're on the plane, cost you more. I'll runya out for five and a half."

"Five," I offered.

"Awright," he said, and turned for Queen's. "You Canadian?"

I wondered how he knew.

"They're all cheapskates," he said. "I wouldn't runya out only I live in Queen's 'n' I'm tired. Who needs your fin?"

I apologized and explained about it being our first time in New York.

"Watcha see?" he wanted to know. We did a brief recap.

"Thenya seen my son," he said. "In The Threepenny Opera. Name's Jerry Orbach."

"He was the street singer," Jennie remembered. "We liked him."

"Yeah?" Mr. Orbach Sr. sounded doubtful. "Only makes eighty a week. Been all over—Hollywood, everywhere. Been on Studio One. But I got another son's a doctor. He's a good boy. See what I mean who needs your five bucks?"

Feeling guilty, we changed the subject by asking him what he thought we should have seen.

"First thing get a cab," he said. "Give him ten bucks and ask him to take you on a tour. That way you'll really see New York. Go to a night court. You'll see more in night court'n you'll see anywhere else all your life. Lotsa nights I go there just to look. Took my wife once."

We thought about that. But already Mr. Orbach's cab was soaring through the line of air terminals.

We coasted to a stop at TCA's gate. I gave Mr. Orbach six dollars, nearly the last of the three hundred we'd started with. "Say," he said. "Don't take that too hard about Canadians. Lotsa New Yorkers are cheap too. Next time, get a cab for a tour."

Next time, if we can fit it in among the thousand other things we'd like to see, we will. ★

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Can Frank Read's oarsmen outrace the world — again? continued from page 19

On the training barge, Read can "get his hands on a man and break his neck, if necessary"

crew lost to the United States in its final race by only half a length.

The victory of the coxed four caused a sensation. Three of the crew were raw beginners who had never rowed a shell until nine months before the Olympics.

The fourth man had only three months' more experience, none of it gained in first-class competition.

When Read told a French newspaperman at Melbourne that the four had been trained in only a few months, the French-

man said, bluntly, "C'est impossible."

"Of course it was impossible," says Read. "I think it was the most phenomenal effort ever made in international athletic competition. At least I don't know of any parallel."

The three crews Read is now training to shoot for a place on the Canadian team to go to Rome are an eight, a four-with-cox, and a coxed four.

The two four-oared crews will have to take part in the Canadian Olympic trials to be held early in July at Port Dalhousie, Ont. No other crew has challenged the UBC eight's right to represent Canada. But before it is given a berth on the Canadian team it must row a time trial in Vancouver, and a panel of judges from the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen must decide if it is of Olympic calibre.

Meanwhile, in his customary fashion, Read is tongue-lashing his crews and driving them relentlessly.

Once, in explaining his methods, he wrote: "Our early training is done in sixteen-man barges with a catwalk down the centre. Here the coach can get his hands on a man and break his neck, if necessary!" He never has broken a man's neck but at times his exhausted oarsmen have had to be lifted from their shell at the end of a training session.

David Helliwell, a young Vancouver accountant who rowed in Read's Olympic eight, says, "He is a strict disciplinarian. He allows no talking, no gum-chewing in his boat. He'll tolerate no dramatics at the end of a race, no collapsing over the oars. Everyone must sit up straight, as though the race were only beginning."

"I won't tolerate any babies"

Helliwell recounts an incident which took place during a thirty-five-mile training row when Read was readying his eight for Melbourne.

"I guess we'd done about twenty-five miles, driving hard all the way," says Helliwell, "when we hit rough water. Somehow, one of the boys ripped off a fingernail. The blood spouted from his finger and mixed with the water in the bottom of the boat. It seemed we were awash with blood."

"The boy stopped rowing and broke down, whimpering. He was exhausted and in pain. Frank came alongside our shell in the coaching boat. When he saw what had happened, he looked that boy straight in the eye and said, 'I won't tolerate any babies in my crews. If you want to get out of that boat, you can. But remember this: you'll never get back in.'

"The boy hesitated for a moment and Frank shouted, 'Start it up, cox!' We began to row. The injured boy missed perhaps three strokes, then picked up the beat and rowed the last ten miles as hard as the rest of us."

Read even seems to look the part of the successful coach. He is tall and powerfully built, and his dark, silver-flecked hair is crew-cut. His features are handsome and strong. Every aspect of his physique and personality seems to exude strength.

This impression is heightened by the way he speaks — with precision, confidence, and determination — as well as by his glance, which is intense and penetrating. Initially, he seems detached and cold. But, in time, he emerges as a person of considerable warmth and understanding. A slow and almost boyish smile helps create this transformation.



Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

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IT WAS Christmas Eve, 1866, in Britain's capital. For 20 days, these statesmen had met together. Now, under the firm, wise guidance of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, their monumental task was all but completed. *A new nation was about to be born.*

The resolutions they passed that day became the basis for the constitution of the Dominion of Canada—and these 16 men were written into history as Fathers of Confederation!

Events in Canada had marched at a stirring pace in the 30 years before this meeting. In 1837, armed revolt against "officialdom" had shaken both Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec). Three years later, the two provinces were united into

a single domain of a million people. Then, in 1864, a bold plan, started in Charlottetown, was finalized at Quebec. It was a plan to join English Ontario and French Quebec with maritime New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—a plan to weld three different "worlds" into one great nation!

So, in 1866, the 16 delegates from the four provinces met in London with British Government officials. Carefully they perfected each word of their resolutions. Out of their efforts came The British North America Act, passed by Parliament in March, 1867—and at long last, the dream of "Confederation" came true.

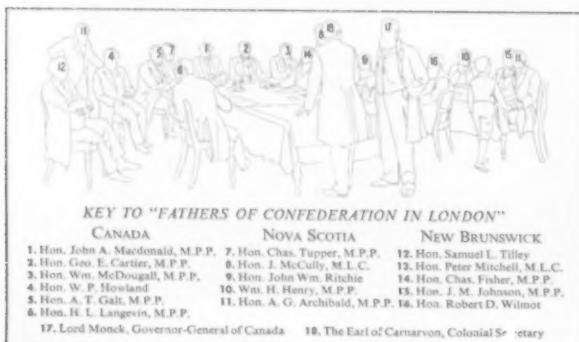
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The boys who have rowed under him, and even older men who have worked with him, idolize Read. They all picture him as the hard-bitten coach with a heart of gold. On the water, they say, he is strict and tough but never unfair or tyrannical. Away from the water, they insist, he is a kind and sympathetic friend.

During the Thirties, Read was an outstanding oarsman with the Vancouver Rowing Club and was also a competent Canadian football player.

Read's old club, the VRC, has for years provided a coach, equipment, and boathouse for training UBC oarsmen, and for this reason the university crews are formally entered in competition as Vancouver Rowing Club-University of British Columbia. It was the VRC that asked Read, in 1950, to coach at UBC.

Four years later a UBC eight swept to a gold-medal victory in the 1954 British Empire Games, defeating the highly favored Thames Rowing Club of England by two and a half lengths on the Vedder Canal, near Chilliwack, B.C.

Only one experienced man rowed in Read's boat. Two had taken up the sport only four months before the games. But all were in magnificent condition.

"Never," said Arthur Sulley, coach of the English crew, "have I seen such superbly conditioned young animals."

Read is a fanatic on physical condition. His rowers do rigorous calisthenics every day for months before they ever touch an oar.

The next summer Read took his eight boys to the Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames. There, in their first race, they recorded another remarkable triumph, a one-and-a-half-length victory over the top-rated Soviet eight.

"Splendid rowing by Canadian crew," was the way The Times of London described the UBC victory. "Whatever may happen in the final," said The Times, "the Vancouver eight can rest assured that their fame is indelibly written into Henley history."

In the final for the Grand Challenge Cup, rowing's supreme prize, UBC lost to the University of Pennsylvania, but by only half a length.

In preparation for their next international foray, the 1956 Olympics, Read subjected his rowers to a training program as arduous as any ever imposed on a group of Canadian athletes.

At its height, the sixteen-man squad moved into a condemned house, furnished it with borrowed bunks, and hired two women to cook their meals at the VRC clubhouse.

Every weekday they rowed from 5 a.m. to 6:30 a.m., then ate breakfast and went to work, digging ditches, from 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. In the evening, they rowed again for an hour and a half. By 9:00 p.m. they were asleep. On weekends Read drove them on thirty-five-mile rows. In all, they rowed over three thousand miles.

"We'd get so tired at work," David Helliwell recalls, "that we'd bolt our lunch and catch a few minutes' sleep, usually on someone's lawn."

There was no let-up in this routine from the first of May until the university's fall term began. Even then they kept rowing every day until November, when they left for Melbourne.

On their way to Melbourne, their plane touched down at Honolulu at five one morning and was to leave six hours later.

"At nine," says Helliwell, "Frank had us out on the hotel patio doing our calisthenics in the broiling sun while he sat in the shade drinking gin and tonic and shouting his orders.

"A lot of other Canadian athletes

stood around and stared in amazement. We were filled with a martyr's pride. We did our exercises better than ever, as much as to tell the world, 'Look at us! We're deadly serious about the Olympics. We're determined to win.'

All this effort paid off in two Olympic medals, one gold and one silver.

After the Olympics, Read retired from rowing to attend to his hotel business and was succeeded by John Warren, one of the boys he'd taught to row. Warren took three crews to the 1958 Empire Games in Wales and won a gold medal

and two silver medals. Last year, David Helliwell coached a UBC eight that placed second in the Pan-American Games at Chicago.

Now Read has come back for a second crack at the Olympics. But, he insists, it is not for Olympic medals alone that he drives his boys to such extremes.

His philosophy is that through rowing a boy may, as he expresses it, "discover himself."

"All of us," he explains, "have more courage and more capacity for understanding and developing than we ever

call upon. By demanding the supreme effort from these boys, I believe they will discover these latent forces and thus be able to drive themselves to the supreme effort in everything they undertake in life."

"When they become discouraged," he says, "they must seek yet another source of encouragement. Call it God, if you want. There is such a source, and I urge the boys to search for it within themselves."

Read claims he knows nothing about rowing "that thousands of others don't

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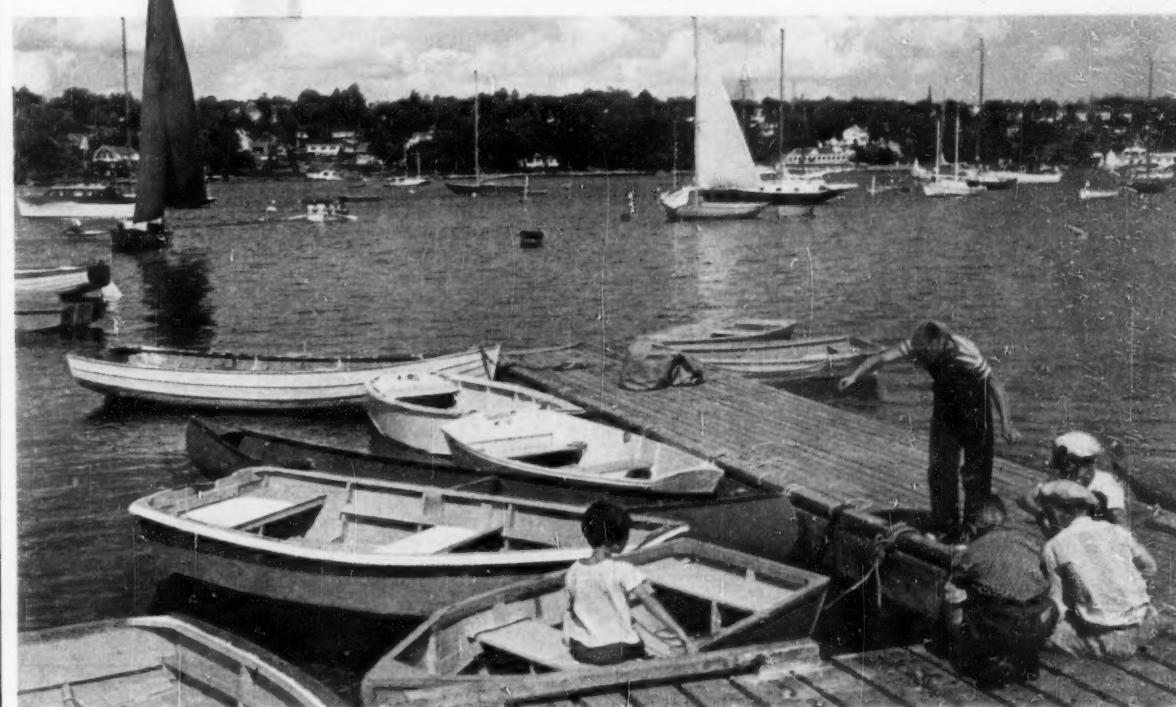
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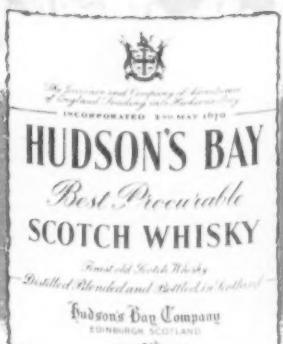
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know." His secret lies in being able to convey to others what he does know. He has made a conscious study to find the exact words and phrases to use when he shouts instructions at his oarsmen.

One day last spring I observed Read in action as he drove his galley slaves on a two-hour training row and then I jotted these comments in my notebook: "Economy of language, combined with constant repetition. Words cut the air as cleanly, with same precision, as oars slice into water. Implores, commands, even nags. Favorite expletive: 'What the bloody hell . . .'"

"Now, let's get the timing," he'd shout. "Everybody together. In and out together. Now feel it. Sense it. In and out together." The words were spoken with a cadence that implied the rhythm he wanted his crew to achieve. "Let's forget about the power. Let's get it smooth. Everybody working together so it's smooth. Smooth."

Now and then he'd concentrate on one oarsman: "Come on, four! You can't do it by yourself. Do it with the rest of them." Or, "Three! You're rowing in a world of your own. Think about it. The whole thing has to be flowing smoothly."

Later, in the boathouse, one of the boys he'd criticized repeatedly during the row approached Read and asked, hopefully, "Did I look any better that last run in?"

"Nope!" was his curt reply.

He let that sink in, then he asked the boy, "Do you ever spend any time thinking about this? Or do you think it's all bull work? You know, it takes brains to row."

Then, turning to me, Read said, "I can't let them waste a second. Every second they're in that boat they must improve, or it's a wasted row." ★

The Yankees go home from St. John's continued from page 21

"Out of 25,000 marriages, only one Newfoundland-U.S. couple is divorced"

weren't covered by Canada's unemployment insurance, but about half come under the U.S. Civil Service pension scheme, and American authorities are working out a system of benefits for the others.

The U.S. will transfer a few of them to bases it will still maintain at Harmon, Goose Bay and Argentia, and the Newfoundland government hopes work will open up for others at a new iron-mining development in Labrador. But the majority who are being laid off have a feeling that things may never be so good for them again.

Merchants in St. John's expect a drop in retail sales but predict that the city will continue to grow and that the setback will be temporary. Landlords say that the one thousand apartments occupied by U.S. air-force personnel will be rented as soon as they come on the market, but that rents may decline slightly. They think the fact these housing units will be available should speed slum-clearance projects which are badly needed.

But the statistics in Pepperrell's story are by no means all concerned with jobs, dollars and housing units. At least twenty-five thousand Newfoundland girls have married U.S. service men. Most of them were St. John's girls, and most of the husbands were drawn from the 25,000 men stationed at one time or another at Pepperrell.

Before the Americans came to St. John's, single women far outnumbered single men; many men had left in a steady stream for the mainland, where there were more opportunities. The men who remained in St. John's had, when war came, lined up to enlist in the army, navy, air force and merchant marine.

So while Pepperrell was taking the unemployed off the labor market, it also took Newfoundland girls off the marriage market. The U.S. consul general at St.

John's, William Christensen, estimates that seventy-five thousand children — one sixth as many people as in all Newfoundland — have been born of these unions of U.S. service men and Newfoundland girls. Most of the mothers and children are now in the United States. How do the Newfoundland wives make out there? Very well, Christensen says. In the last eighteen months, according to his records, only one couple of the twenty-five thousand has been divorced.

Dr. John Weidman, Pepperrell's official historian, claims the remarkably low divorce rate can be attributed to the outlook of Newfoundland girls, who are "less emancipated" than girls in the U.S. and "stick more to the European idea that a woman's place is in the home, making her husband happy and contented."

If Pepperrell brought girls husbands, it also brought adoptive parents to many waifs and orphans. Pepperrell couples have accounted for twenty-five percent of the one thousand legal adoptions at St. John's in the past five years. Often, the Americans first saw the children when playing Santa Claus. Operation Santa Claus, as it was called, was an annual event at Pepperrell — a campaign that raised six thousand dollars each Christmas for gifts for six hundred orphans and sick children in institutions at St. John's. Santa and his volunteers tried to get the youngsters whatever they asked for, including bicycles, radios, boxing gloves and skates.

With Pepperrell closing (the base had twelve hundred men stationed at it in January but will be empty except for a handful of caretakers by September) Newfoundland's welfare department has indicated that it will relax regulations for Pepperrell families who are being transferred. Those who applied to adopt children before they knew they were being

moved won't have to wait the full year normally required before final papers are issued.

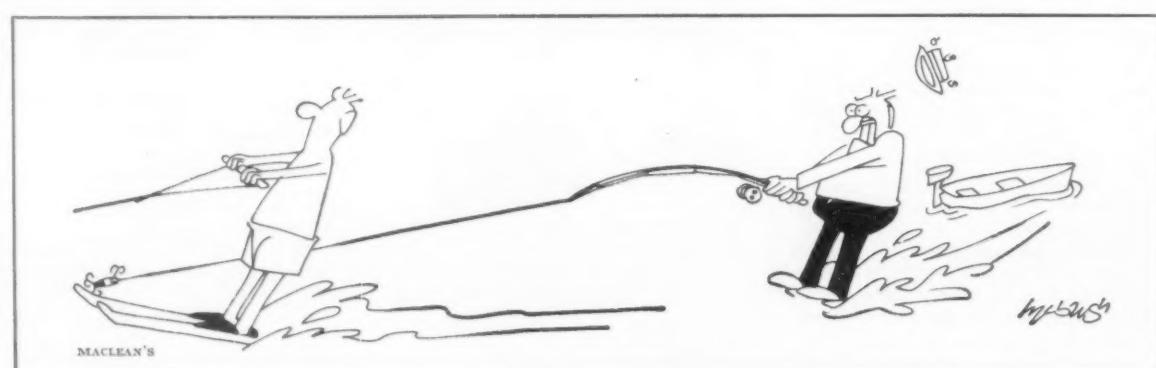
The gesture underlines the respect and esteem the Yankees have gained in Newfoundland. So, indeed, did Premier Joseph Smallwood's reaction to the U.S. announcement that because of changes in weapons — missiles replacing bombers — it had been decided to shut down Pepperrell. Usually, Newfoundland's economy is uppermost in his mind, and Smallwood commented that the real tragedy would be the parting of thousands of close friends.

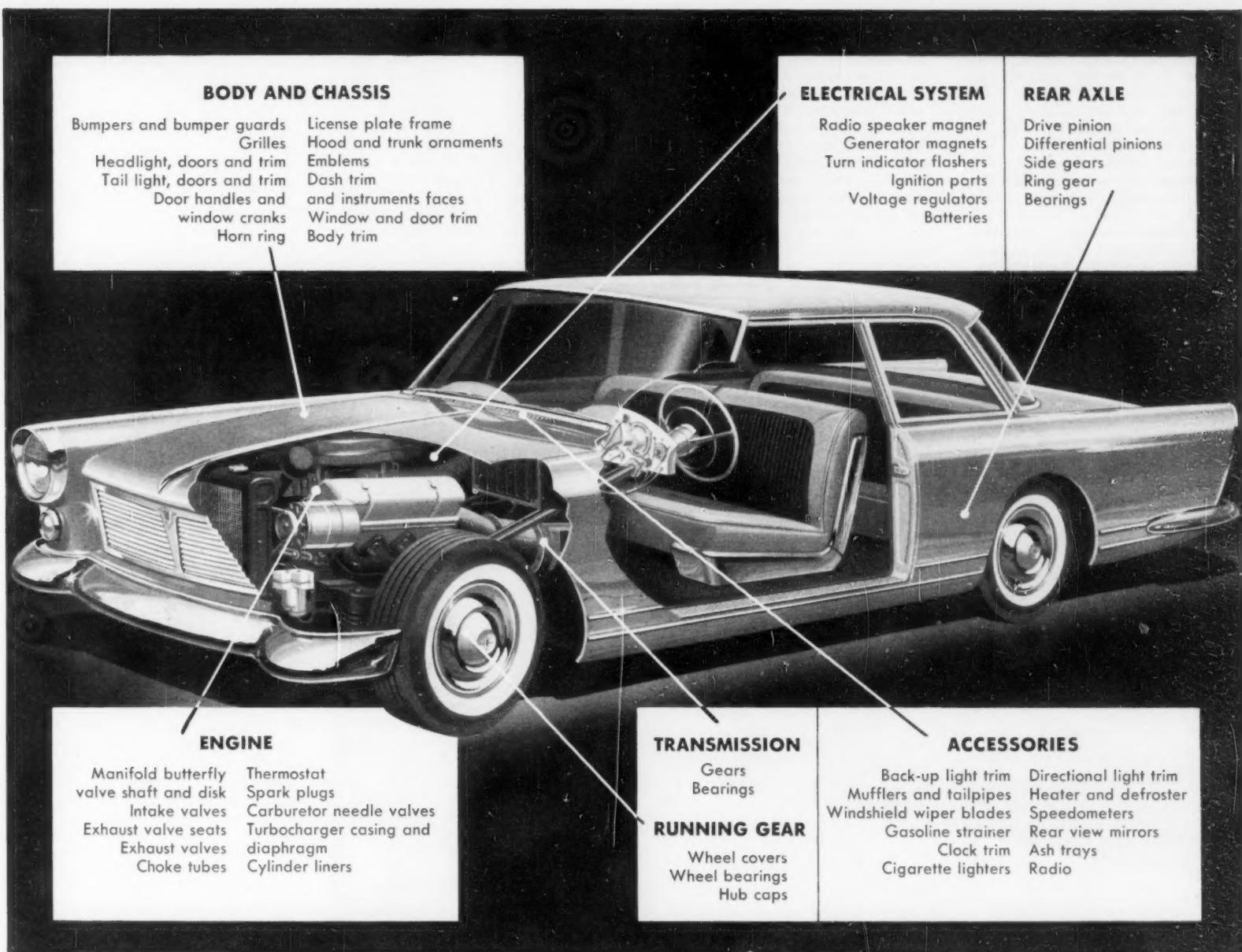
Most of the friendships between Newfoundlanders and Americans in and around St. John's started casually enough — chance meetings at parties, in stores, on buses, beside fishing streams. But there were those that started dramatically, like the friendship of Captain and Mrs. John Angus and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert King. The Anguses and the Kings lived at Penetanguishene, a tiny community near St. John's.

Mrs. Angus, a registered nurse from South Carolina and a typical air-force wife, took up snowshoeing as a hobby in Newfoundland. Mrs. King and Mrs. Angus hadn't met, but when Mrs. Angus heard that Mrs. King was in labor and the doctor couldn't reach her because of a raging blizzard, she put on her snowshoes and struggled half a mile through blinding snow and a seventy-mile-an-hour wind.

Mrs. Angus got to the King home just in time to deliver Mrs. King's baby — a boy who was, of course, named Angus.

When Newfoundlanders think of the Yankees, they think of Mrs. Angus going to the aid of her neighbor in the storm. They think of forty-two kids at one orphanage laughing and shouting as they learned to ride bikes that the Yankees





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had bought for them. And they think of things like the Yankees galloping to the rescue of the Quidi Vidi Lake Regatta, Newfoundland's oldest sporting event, this had been held each year since 1829, but one year during the war there was no money for a band, a committee boat or a communications setup. The regatta committee was on the verge of canceling the historic rowing races until the war ended.

When word of this reached Pepperrell, which sprawls across a gentle slope on Quidi Vidi's shore, the Americans pro-

vided a big brass band, a crash boat for the committee, and walkie-talkies. The Americans entered a crew of their own in one of the races. A tale Newfoundlanders like to tell is that this crew was falling behind when a Newfoundland boy with a trumpet put it to his lips and blasted forth with Yankee Doodle Dandy. There are Newfoundlanders who swear that when the Yankees heard the trumpet, they dug their oars in, made the spray fly, and won by half a length.

The Americans took part in other sports, notably baseball, and the young-

sters of St. John's play ball with more skill than their fathers did because Americans like Master Sergeant Charlie Riddle, a Texan, took the time to coach them in the fine points of the U.S. national game. The Newfoundland Amateur Baseball Association, in acknowledgement, set up a special league for the Americans, in which teams from Pepperrell and the U.S. naval station at Argentia played a St. John's all-star team.

The influence of the Yankees changed much besides the brand of baseball in Newfoundland. In most St. John's homes,

the big meal of the day had been served at noon. Now, in a lot of them, the noon meal is a light lunch, as in the States, and the evening meal is the big meal.

The Yanks, while learning to appreciate Newfoundland dishes like seal-flipper pie, fried cod tongues, and the boiled mixture of dried cod and sea biscuit known as brewis, taught Newfoundlanders to appreciate liverwurst, spiced beef on rye bread, barbecued chicken on buns, dill pickles and cheeseburgers. The menus in the restaurants of St. John's today bear no resemblance to the pre-Pepperrell menus.

Ironically, the Yanks also taught Newfoundlanders something about dressing for cold weather. Parkas, which Newfoundlanders had always refused to wear, were finally accepted when the Americans proved how comfortable they could be, and now are regarded as the most suitable apparel for a bitter winter day.

The children who came with the Americans altered the language of Newfoundland children, who quickly picked up slang words and new phrases, and who, to the occasional dismay of their elders, copied the self-confident, forthright attitude of the young Yanks.

Schoolteachers at St. John's, once shocked by this, aren't any more. They say their pupils used to be too shy and diffident. And they say that the American Era, as it is already being called in history-loving St. John's, and Newfoundland's first decade as a Canadian province, have given young people new enterprise, initiative and spirit.

At a time when mainland Canadians have become fairly critical of Americans, Newfoundlanders have retained their admiration of U.S. people and their ways. The admiration is not one-sided.

Clarence Engelbrecht, of Elton, S.D., is one of the Yanks who like Newfoundland too much to go home. He was posted to Pepperrell in 1950 as a technical sergeant, married Nellie Bishop of St. John's, was promoted to captain, and, when discharged, joined the staff of CJON, a private radio station at St. John's. "Where else," he asks, "could I find such an ideal setup? I've got a good job and thousands of wonderful friends. Newfoundlanders are just wonderful." Radio and TV performers are overly fond of the adjective "wonderful," but Engelbrecht, who is known to the radio audience as Bob Lewis, uses it with a ring of sincerity when he speaks of Newfoundland.

So does Larry Montgomery, once of Boston, who says he'll never leave unless he's "blasted out." Montgomery, married to Louise Green of St. John's, was a master sergeant at Pepperrell, then a director of civilian safety. When he was discharged he opened the first delicatessen



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sen store in St. John's. Soon, he was doing well enough to employ George Hartman, another Pepperrell graduate. Hartman had got his discharge and returned to his home town, Philadelphia, for fifteen months. But he couldn't resist the appeal of St. John's.

"I've been in plenty of countries," Hartman says, "and I tell you I've never been anywhere where you have so much freedom. You can fish where you like, and catch fish, too, and you can boil up a pot of coffee by any lake or stream."

"Newfoundlanders take things like that for granted and couldn't imagine it being otherwise. But believe me, I've been in places where fishing and hunting are so tied up with regulations that nobody wants to go outdoors any more." Hartman is married to Jessie Crawford of St. John's.

Engelbrecht, Montgomery and Hartman have a pal named Frank Eicher. He's from Cincinnati and so is his wife. They tried to settle down in Cincinnati after Eicher, an airman second class, was discharged. Four months later they were back at St. John's, where Eicher opened a radio and TV repair shop.

There are scores of other examples of Yankees who wouldn't go home, or who went home and then returned. The ancient seaport of St. John's, with its hills, its narrow streets, its warm-hearted people, isn't easy to leave.

But thousands do have to leave. On one recent trip the William Carson, the big Newfoundland-mainland ferry, carried 201 families and all their belongings. And, as the farewells are said, it's agreed by Newfoundlanders and U.S. service men alike that nowhere has a fairly large military force (at the peak, the base had five thousand men) had more amicable relations with the civilian population of a medium-sized city.

One reason may have been that in the early years Pepperrell was expected to be permanent. It was originally created for the U.S. Army, and when it was turned over to the U.S. Air Force as planning headquarters and supply base for alert bases in the northeast and the Strategic Air Command's Harmon base on the island's west coast, none could foresee that missiles would make it unnecessary. Even a short-duty tour at Pepperrell exceeded six months and the men, aware they would be staying some time, settled in and formed friendships with the Newfoundlanders.

On top of that their officers impressed on them that, outside Pepperrell's gates, they were guests in a foreign country and that it was up to them to be courteous to their hosts. They took this so much to heart that in the years since Pepperrell was established only one American has appeared before Newfoundland's courts on a charge serious enough to be tried by a jury. He was convicted of manslaughter after his car struck and killed a child. Men charged with minor offenses were tried at the base by their own officers, but always with a representative of Newfoundland's attorney-general on hand.

Now that Pepperrell is being vacated, St. John's hums with speculation on what will happen to the sprawling property, which was literally a town in itself, with schools, living quarters, a modern hospital, a church, recreational facilities, a bakery, a water purification system, twelve miles of road, a telephone exchange with seventeen hundred telephones, storage for four million gallons of diesel and jet fuel.

It also has a garage, theatre, clubs, a department store, a radio station that carried network programs without commercials, and Pepperrell's men had a "fly-in" trout-angling and hunting camp in the in-

terior of Newfoundland and a salt-water craft for tuna fishing. The deputy base commander, Lt.-Col. Hans Marechal, and a fellow officer, Lt.-Col. W. E. Mack, simultaneously hooked and landed tuna from this boat last summer.

Several industries, according to reports, have had feelers out about the possibility of buying buildings and fuel storage tanks at Pepperrell. The U.S. consul general, William Christensen, has made it clear that the province will be given first chance at anything it wants. It is rumored that Newfoundland will buy the high

school and the hospital, while the St. John's council is interested in the snow-removal equipment.

Meanwhile Larry Daley, president of the Newfoundland Federation of Labor, is urging that provincial and municipal governments use Pepperrell for a mass assault on the slums. His idea is to house people there temporarily while substandard dwellings in St. John's are torn down and replaced.

Whatever disposition is eventually made of Pepperrell's 1,635 acres and its scores of well-preserved buildings, one

thing is sure — that the base has permanently left its mark on Newfoundland. It is there in the accent and attitude of the young, in the dress and the meals, in the extra income that will be a long while vanishing from circulation, in the new popularity of baseball. It is there in the exchange of visits between the Newfoundland girls who married U.S. servicemen, their husbands, their children and the folks back home. For Pepperrell has been a great and remarkably successful experiment in human relations, and its momentum will go rolling on. ★

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competent executor."

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The medical empire in the Quebec bush continued from page 17

Duplessis once called Sister Marie-Joseph "Quebec's best businessman"

by dressing in spats, and the laboratory staff holds brief but regular prayers instead of coffee breaks.

It's no secret that Sister Marie-Joseph has her favorites among the doctors of Chicoutimi. Nineteen doctors, including most chiefs of staff, rent office space in the hospital, and she has room for twenty-one more. But at least two, Dr. Georges Tremblay and Dr. Paul-Eugene Blais, aren't allowed to place patients there. Blais, a specialist in skin ailments and venereal disease, refused the hospital's suggestion that he go on salary there.

"Of course it's a financial sacrifice to be out of the hospital," he admits. "But if Quebec passes the law on hospital insurance, Hôtel-Dieu will be forced to admit all doctors licensed to practise in the province."

On the other hand one of her favorites, Chief Surgeon Gagnon, claims he has a standing invitation to Sister Marie-Joseph's office. It's a believable claim, since Gagnon has been a key man in the hospital ever since 1951, when Sister Marie-Joseph went to the U.S. to lure him back to his native Chicoutimi. Her motive was simple. To get Hôtel-Dieu classified as an A-1 hospital, she needed — among other things — a good surgery department under a highly competent man. She was so persuasive that Gagnon, though well established by then, gave up his plans to marry a New York model who couldn't adjust to the idea of living in northern Quebec.

One way Sister Marie-Joseph gets — and holds — first-rate doctors is to make sure they're never lacking in up-to-date equipment.

"If we need a new instrument — or anything else," says one of her surgeons, Dr. Jean Simard, "we just have to demonstrate that it's really useful, and we have it. There's never a question of money."

How does she manage it? "It's a mystery," Simard admits. But there's no doubt in anyone's mind that it is Sister Marie-Joseph, and no one else, who does the managing.

Mother Marie-du-Saint-Esprit is hospital superior; and, theoretically, all major decisions are voted by a council of seven nuns.

"But," says Gagnon, "when we have a problem we never see the superior about it. We know Sister Marie-Joseph runs the whole show."

"She's a giant of finance," says Lamontagne, the editor of *Le Progrès*. He also describes her as "modest, humble, pious, always putting others before herself." It's true that she seldom appears at hospital ceremonies, and her name is not in the Canadian Hospital Directory's personnel listings for any of the three hospitals she runs. (As branches of Hôtel-Dieu, Sister Marie-Joseph has built a 250-bed hospital at nearby Jonquière and another, with seventy-five beds, at Dolbeau.)

Nor does she, apparently, bury herself in paper work. "You never see her with a pen or pencil in her hand," says cardiac surgeon Emile Bertho. But no detail seems to be too small to escape her attention or her recollection. Once, when a medical equipment salesman went through his jovial line of patter, she fixed him with a cold eye and said: "You

saw me five years ago, you told me the same stories then — and your price was half as high."

The late Maurice Duplessis once explained part of the mystery of Sister Marie-Joseph when he remarked to a newspaper editor: "The best businessman in the province of Quebec — that's Sister Marie-Joseph." The friendship between the little nun and the powerful Quebec premier was founded on a mutual respect for talent. But it was never hindered by the fact that Paul Gagnon, the brother-in-law of her chief surgeon, was an independent federal MP for Chicoutimi. Dr. Gagnon was given the unlisted number to a private telephone answered by "Maurice ici." On several of Duplessis' visits to Chicoutimi he stayed at the hospital rather than local hotels. On her periodic pilgrimages to Quebec City to give thanks for provincial grants, Sister Marie-Joseph was one of the few nuns ever admitted to Duplessis' inner office.

Months before he died, Duplessis accorded Sister Marie-Joseph a typical gesture of friendship: he sent her a cheque for a hundred thousand dollars. It had been a donation to Duplessis from a Montreal businessman who asked that it be used wherever it was needed most. It couldn't have come at a better time, for Sister Marie-Joseph was going into the television business.

The story of how color television came to Chicoutimi must be unique in medical annals. In October 1958 Sister Marie-Joseph asked her bishop's permission to travel, then bundled a medical and administrative team off on a 1,600-mile trip to investigate possible innovations for the Hôtel-Dieu St-Vallier.

Among the U.S. medical centres they visited was the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. Sister Marie-Joseph's fascination with the color TV system there overcame any reluctance she might have

had about spending a quarter of a million dollars. It would be especially useful, she decided, for teaching surgery to her two hundred student nurses and thirty junior interns. The fact that such large university medical centres as McGill had rejected color TV as an extravagance didn't impress her.

"You can see the blood, the muscles and organs better in color," she explained. "In black and white it is not at all the same."

Several months later a 125-pound camera was mounted over a Hôtel-Dieu operating table, with remote controls in a basement room eight floors below. Operations could be transmitted to four twenty-one-inch screens or to a projection unit. (Black-and-white films and programs could also be beamed to five hundred TV sets throughout the hospital.)

Soon after that, delegates to the Canadian Medical Association's provincial conference were on hand to see an operation transmitted over the CBC's French network. (Viewers across the province, of course, saw the operation only in black and white; for, technically, the CBC hasn't yet caught up with Chicoutimi.)

Eight years earlier, with TV in mind, Sister Marie-Joseph had three of her eighteen operating rooms built in an ultra-modern design devised in Switzerland but never used there. When the Swiss hospital went broke, she explains, "we bought the plans and improved them." Each room has a domed ceiling studded with lights, and observation windows slashed directly above the operating table.

Chicoutimi citizens cheerfully admit to a weakness for extravagance. "People here seem to be broadminded, audacious," grins Gagnon. "We have to progress. We're not afraid of having a big debt — we'll find a way to get rid of it."

The exact size of that debt remains one of Sister Marie-Joseph's many secrets, along with other financial details. Her public reports never include a dollar sign. In the Canadian Hospital Directory, which lists the budgets of almost every hospital in the country, she confesses to annual expenditures of \$314,640 for Dolbeau and \$1,130,000 for Jonquière but doesn't reveal what she spends for Hôtel-Dieu. Presumably its budget would be several times the size of Jonquière's.

Hôtel-Dieu's expenditures often arouse medical people elsewhere to a disgust verging on fury. "It's an awful thing to spend money like that," says the administrator of one small Quebec hospital. "It's one of the five biggest hospitals in the province, but their proportion of charity cases is only twenty-one percent — down with the lowest two fifths of hospitals."

Such criticism has no apparent effect on Sister Marie-Joseph. When she's busy with an expansion project (which is almost always) her sixteen-hour day includes an hour or two supervising construction.

"She understands every detail of building, architecture and engineering — the first time you explain them," says contractor Xavier Neron, who has had four million dollars' worth of Hôtel-Dieu contracts since 1952.

An examination of her early life doesn't do much to explain Sister Marie-



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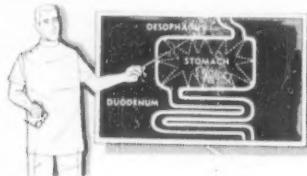
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Joseph's tremendous grasp of the widely varied details with which she concerns herself at Hôtel-Dieu.

She started off Imelda Dallaire, the shy, sharp-witted daughter of William Dallaire, a farm-machinery salesman. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl who "never ran around much with boys," according to a childhood friend. She also had a golden voice. Once, when she was singing with some young people on a Saguenay riverboat, a fellow passenger offered to make a New York opera star of her. Imelda had other ideas. She graduated at the top of her convent class and served her business apprenticeship in a bank (where she is remembered by a fellow teller as "the dumbest one in the office"). She worked for a time in an uncle's insurance office and then, at twenty, disappeared into the convent. Three sisters — the youngest of them

now thirty-five — followed her into the Hôtel-Dieu cloister.

"But Imelda surprised us all when she entered," one of them recalled recently. "She was a worldly one — loved theatre, luxury, life."

Sister Marie-Joseph has come up with a great many surprises since then.

But is she reaching the point now where Hôtel-Dieu is likely to stand as a half-empty monument to her fervor for expansion?

Not according to medical director Marcel Lapointe. "We always have a waiting list of patients." (Bed occupancy is 89.7 percent — higher than average but not exceptional.)

Where do the patients come from, in a town of thirty thousand? Nearby Arvida, where the Aluminum Company of Canada employs six thousand, provides much of the hospital's business.

But not many patients come from other parts of the surrounding countryside, since within fifty miles there are five other hospitals with a total of 725 beds, not counting a 330-bed tuberculosis sanatorium. A few patients come much greater distances. Premature twin babies were flown in by helicopter from Abitibi (although Montreal was closer), and a goitre case came from Detroit for an operation by Gagnon.

"The rest must be local people in hospital for ingrown toenails or ankle sprains," a big-city doctor says dryly.

Meanwhile, Sister Marie-Joseph builds on. "We would like to add a department of neurology — the only specialized department we lack — and perhaps, in a few years, a little research centre," she says.

And even among her severest critics, there's little doubt that she will. ★

Watch those Quebec speed traps continued from page 22

"My case began to fall into place like a Perry Mason triumph"

car behind me. But never mind; when I appeared in the local court a few nights later, I found myself in the company of about a hundred fellow victims, each and every one of whom was fined fifty dollars and costs, with a speed and despatch which indicated long practice. Anyone foolish enough to plead "not guilty" was promptly remanded to a later date for trial. While I was there, only two people elected that plea. The haul that evening must have been over five thousand dollars. This experience cost me \$52.50 and taught me a wariness about proceeding through Quebec towns that has become almost second nature to me since. The operative word is "almost."

Just the other day I found out that the 1960 summer season was in full swing. I was proceeding along that fateful Highway 9 through the town of Beloeil on the way to my home at St. Marc, which is the adjacent downriver village on the Richelieu. It was after 11:30 at night, and as I came to Beloeil's only traffic light, I noted just one car on the road, directly ahead of me. The speed limit in Beloeil is thirty, and as the light changed to green and the car ahead started to move, I followed. It reached a speed of twenty, and as the driver apparently did not intend to go any faster, I pulled out and passed, dropping back to thirty as soon as I had moved beyond the glare of his headlights. Just a few yards further on I was preparing to turn off Highway 9 for the St. Marc road when I noted an official red light blinking on a car behind me, and I pulled to one side to allow the police car to pass. But he was looking for me.

The constable asked for my operator's license and my car license and I handed them to him. He went back to his cruiser, and a few minutes later he returned my documents to me without comment. I concluded that he was probably checking for some stolen vehicle, and went on my way without giving any further thought to the incident.

But I was unhappily disillusioned a few days later when a car stopped in front of my home and a man appeared at the door with a summons. One Rosaire Rousseau, gendarme of the *streté provinciale*, accused me of having driven through Beloeil at a speed of fifty miles an hour, and I was summoned to appear in the

court at Sorel the following week to answer the charge. I don't know whether incredulity, rage or injured innocence was my strongest emotion as I read the charge. I knew it was unjustified, but how could I prove it? I had been alone in my car, and I didn't know whether the accusing constable had a companion or not. Besides, I knew that few courts are prepared to take the unsupported word of an accused driver against that of a policeman presumably skilled in determining traffic offenses. Yet I knew the charge was wrong.

A coup for justice

Then I had a brain wave. I enlisted the aid of a friend and a stop watch. I went back to the scene of the alleged offence, started my car at the traffic light and drove at thirty miles an hour to the spot where I had stopped to let the police cruiser pass. It was exactly half a mile and it took just seventy seconds. It was easy to calculate that if I had proceeded at fifty miles an hour over that distance, it would have taken just forty seconds. And if the policeman had taken only twenty seconds to determine that I was committing an offence, he would have had only twenty seconds left to overtake me at the point where I had stopped. He would have had to reach a speed of a hundred miles an hour to do that, and I doubted very much that he would be prepared to admit in court that he had reached such a speed. So it seemed to me that I had a pretty good case to cast a doubt on the charge, and I looked forward to my day in court as a chance to strike a blow for justice.

I arrived early that morning in Sorel and after several enquiries I located the Palais de Justice. There an attendant directed me up a flight of stairs to an antechamber of the court, where I was soon joined by a mixed crew — a half dozen defiant-looking youths, wise-cracking to keep up their courage, an indignant fiery-eyed matron with her hat on crooked, an old man with an uncertain gait and a head spot that looked as though it had been combed by a broken beer bottle, a nervous, worried-looking businessman who kept consulting his watch, and two or three other characters who looked as though the place

was their private club. Names were called out at fairly regular intervals, and their bearers rose and disappeared through an adjoining door, appearing a few minutes later, crestfallen, to stumble on down the stairs to freedom.

As I awaited my turn, I scanned the summons again. It was then that I noted my name had been spelt "Kenneth J. Johnstone" whereas the world — or anyway my own mother — knows that it is Kenneth Alexander Johnstone. A legal point? Furthermore, the license number of my car was not given correctly. On the summons it read 587557, while my license read 591009!

At that moment I could see the whole case falling into place like a Perry Mason denouement. I could picture the frown on the face of the judge as I revealed these fatal and unforgivable errors in the charge. And, after such established blunders, how could my accuser possibly refute my proof, complete with diagram, that it was impossible for him to have overtaken me so quickly if I was driving at fifty miles an hour?

I could see the man's groveling humiliation at the judge's stern look, and I allowed myself a generous thought of pity for him; after all, he was only trying to do his duty, and these poor devils probably have to register a certain number of convictions each week to hold their jobs. It was just his misfortune that he had picked on a keen legal brain to tangle with, a man not content to take the rap usually dealt out to a quiescent public. It was actions like mine, I told myself, that kept justice a fresh and living word. I was in this reverie of self-congratulation when I heard my name called, and I got to my feet hastily and with quivering stomach tottered to the door of the adjoining room.

As I went in, I thought irreverently that I might have been interrupting a poker game. The room was small, shabbily furnished, with a bench running along one side and another at the back. Almost in the centre of the room was a small table, around which five men were sitting quite cosily. An older man occupied one side of it — I took him to be the judge but he was simply dressed in a business suit — and the others faced him in a semicircle. One of them waved me to a standing position at one corner

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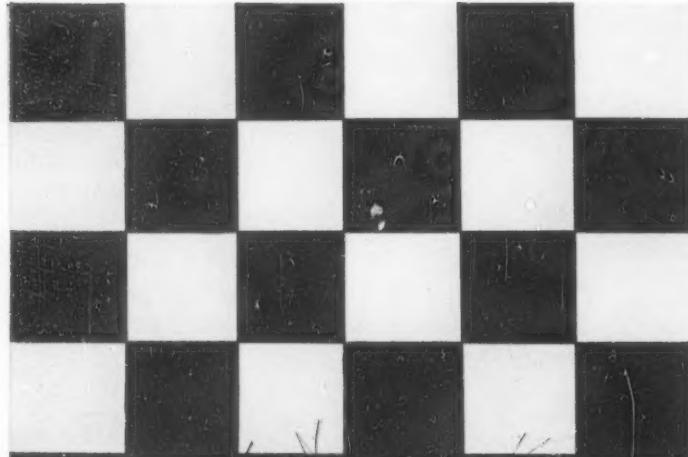
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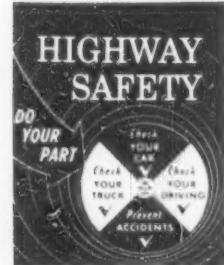
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"My hands shook, and I felt an angry flush creep up my face as I recounted my tale of injustice"



of the table. The atmosphere was friendly and informal. There was no robed judge on a raised bench and no clerk of the court below him calling for order. It didn't look like Perry Mason at all.

The man on my left, an old and rather humorous-faced person (he turned out to be the clerk of the court) waved a copy of my summons at me and asked me if I pleaded guilty. I replied that I wanted the advice of the court. Could I plead at all to this summons, which addressed me as "Kenneth J. Johnstone" and gave the wrong license of my car? My question caused momentary consternation, and I produced both my car license and my operator's license in proof. These were passed around and checked against the court's copy of my summons. Some rapid conversation ensued in French, and then the clerk told me it was all right, I could plead and the summons would be amended to bear the correct name and license number.

Then I became Perry Mason, though I was trembling so much with excitement that my hands shook and my voice kept getting higher and higher, and I felt a hot angry flush creep up my face as I recounted my tale of injustice. I produced the diagram of the road and showed how impossible it was for the offense to have taken place as described.

I even allowed myself to point with some pride to my almost unblemished record: there was just that Ville Le Moyne infraction of five years past, and that one was tainted anyway.

They were a friendly and sympathetic group; they nodded their heads in approval at my logic, and I was only sorry that Constable Rousseau was not there to witness my triumph. I recounted in detail just how I had proceeded; the stop at the traffic light, the slow-moving car

ahead, how I had passed it quickly because of the oncoming truck, yes, I had probably gone to thirty-five in passing, but that was normal and I had settled back to the legal thirty as soon as I had completed my manoeuvre. Then, with the turnoff ahead, it was impossible for me to have reached a speed of fifty and have the constable overtake me so quickly. Everyone nodded in agreement.

They all smiled at me, and I smiled back, a victor's smile, tempered with modesty. The older man at the head of the table said: "Fifty dollars and costs."

I was dumbfounded, but not for long. "But what for?" I asked. "You can see it was impossible for me to have gone fifty miles an hour."

"You just said you went thirty-five," the clerk explained to me kindly. "That's over the speed limit."

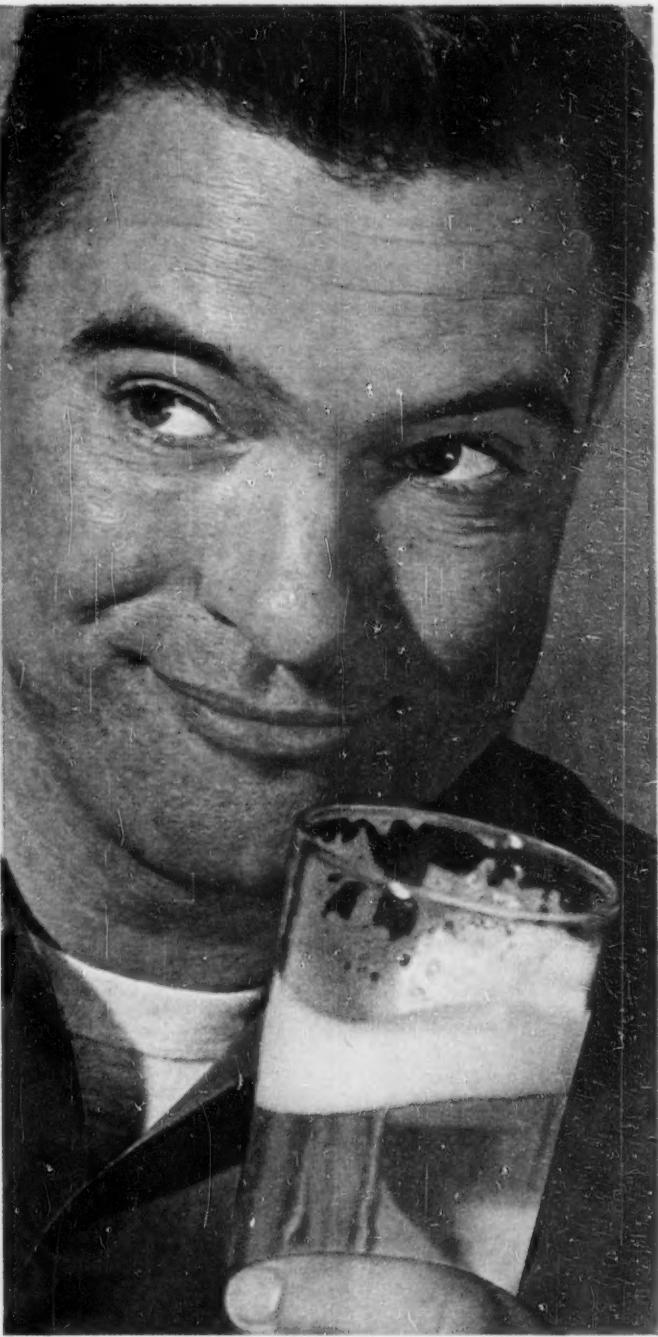
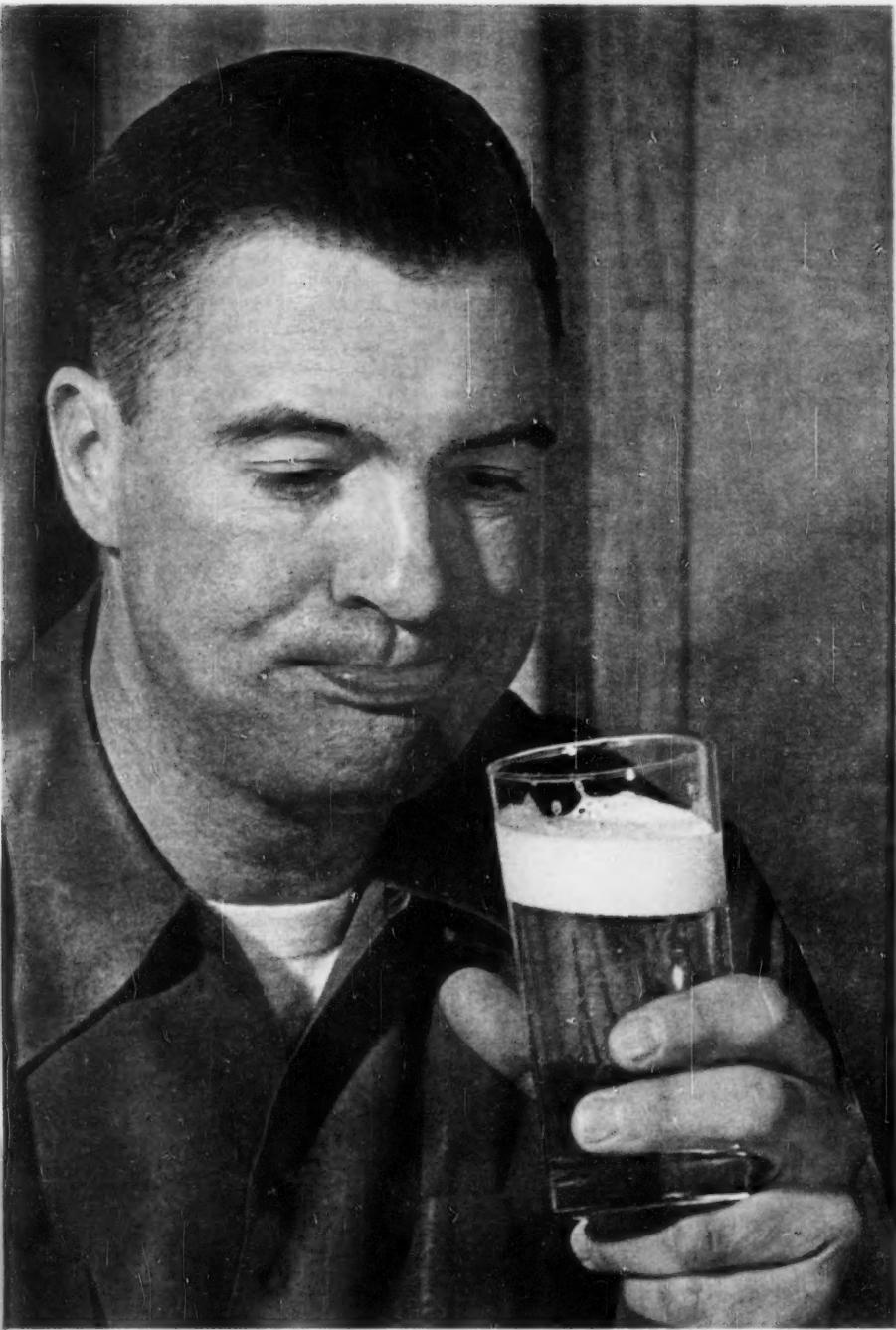
"But surely everyone goes slightly over thirty when passing; otherwise you would endanger the lives of approaching drivers."

"It comes to \$71.60 altogether" the clerk answered. "Do you need time to pay it?"

"No," I said, fumbling for a blank cheque in my brief case — after all, I had not been a complete fool — and in a shaking hand I made out the amount as directed, payable to O. Cousineau, clerk of the court. Canada's Perry Mason had lost his first case.

And so I left, even managing a rueful smile and a nod, which was returned in a friendly and courteous manner by all present. It was only later, in the bright warm sun of that spring day that it dawned on me: summer and another tourist season had already come to Quebec.

Just don't drive over thirty! Do you hear me? ★



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 2, 1960

The poor of Delhi: "They lived in tents of sacking; what they lived on, I couldn't make out"

"You don't meet the others, the real India — the farmers, the people of small towns, the poor. But even you visitors know as much about the real India as the Congress wallahs and the civil servants do. There is no contact between the two

Indias, none. The real India goes its own way as it has done for so many hundreds of years."

The man who uttered these heresies was very far from being a typical Indian. His name is N. C. Chaudhuri, and he is a

fanatical, emotional (even, his enemies say, a professional) Anglophile. Although he never saw England until he was fifty-seven, he is intellectually and spiritually an Englishman under his brown Bengal skin. If anyone can be called a minor-

ity of one among four hundred million, it is N. C. Chaudhuri.

I was interviewing Chaudhuri for the CBC, and some Indian officials were annoyed that we interviewed such a man at all. Said one: "He used to be in the pay of the (British) India Office, and now he's in the pay of the British Council." Chaudhuri himself admits that he is completely ostracized by the people of his own class, the English-educated bourgeois who run India today. But he says this ostracism, intended to cut him off from his own people, has in fact had the opposite effect. It has forced him into close touch with "the real India," the illiterate poor.

To show us the people he was talking about he had only to point. In the park beyond the old city wall (built by Shah Jahan, who also built the Taj Mahal) laundrymen were spreading out linen to dry. Others were still washing, in the scummy ditch that was also the only sewer available to a nearby encampment of "refugees." They are called refugees by a polite official fiction; actually they are migrant poor from the countryside who turn up in Delhi every winter, and who would probably stay where they were for another three months. They lived in tents of sacking; what they lived on, I couldn't quite make out.

Western visitors are not encouraged to meet such people. I had been out in the streets of Old Delhi with a CBC camera crew the day before, and we very nearly caused a riot. The better-dressed among the passers-by were furiously indignant at us for spreading such an impression of India abroad.

Servants are relatively rich

After that rather harassing afternoon, I drove our interpreter home. She is a beautiful young Sikh of good family, who lives in a modest but well-appointed flat in the outskirts of New Delhi, a city far more like Washington than it is like the old Indian capital only five or six miles away. She was rather shaken by the angry abuse she had taken for collaborating with us Westerners, but she wasn't sorry.

"It is good for people like me to go out and see how the poor of India live," she said. "We seldom meet them at all. We think of our own servants as 'the poor,' though in fact of course they are relatively well off."

But it is not only the urban poor who seem to be cut off from the English-educated dominant minority. The villagers who make up the vast majority of all India are equally remote. We ran across an example in the village of Kanpur, near Delhi, which was chosen by the Ford Foundation not long ago as a model village to demonstrate what could be done to improve the standard of life in rural India. The idea was to take the only power resource available to an Indian village, bullock power, and turn it to more efficient use.

The project had been tested with care. An American engineer designed a cheap, simple machine: by hitching onto it a bullock team it could pump more water in eight hours than could be raised in twenty-four by the ancient Persian wheel with its leaky leather buckets. The bullock power thus set free, harnessed to

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another similar machine, could generate enough electricity to light the village by night and drive a small woodworking factory by day, thus employing two hundred jobless, landless poor. Each operation was tried in New Delhi and found to be workable.

In the village itself, though, the project roused a violent controversy between the two rival family groups that make up Kanpur. The hostile faction said "the Americans want to steal our land." Only after much bitter squabbling was the new pump installed, the houses wired for lighting, the factory erected and equipped with its little power saws. The faction of modern progress won the village election by five votes, and just before our visit the mayor decided to buy the new machine for permanent use.

As told by the handsome, intelligent, voluble young Indian who is the Ford Foundation's agent on the spot, the whole thing sounded like a success story. Told by the village mayor through an interpreter, it sounded less so. He was the leader of the progressive group in Kanpur, but he was evidently a disenchanted man.

"We were promised," he said, that Kanpur would have electric light, but the lights had worked for only a few days and then had broken down. "We were promised" the woodworking plant would employ the two hundred jobless, and it too had failed. So had a new brick plant, erected along with the other marvels and now standing cold and empty. Of all the things "we were promised," only the water pump was actually working.

The Ford Foundation man could hardly contain his indignation during this recital. Nothing had been "promised," he explained. He had warned the villagers that the bullock-powered generator would produce only enough electricity for one small bulb in each house. The sly villagers had bought wire and tape and extra plugs, which overloaded the frail power system and caused it to break down. An extra saw had the same effect on the woodworking factory. Moreover, the villagers would not pool their bullocks for the public good to keep the generator running — the Ford Foundation had to hire animals for the purpose, at six or eight rupees a day.

It was obvious that the Foundation man held these bumpkins in the deepest contempt. I asked if he himself had grown up in a village, and he quickly answered no. He'd been born near Lahore in what is now Pakistan and had come as a child to Delhi. Even now he didn't live in Kanpur, but in Delhi, and drove out from town each morning.

He had only one qualification for his important job, but it was a decisive one. He could speak English.

The one percent in Free Asia who speak English include every political group that a westerner can recognize — not only the Right Wing rich but also the Left Wing well-to-do. The communist ex-premier of Kerala, the only communist in the world who ever won a free election (and then lost the next one), is a middle-aged man with a gentle smile and a disarming stutter, who talks exactly like a member of the British Labor Party. If such a man ever leads a national government in India many things will be changed, but the structure and thought behind Indian policies will still be intelligible, even familiar, to Western minds. He too is part of the English-educated minority.

So, of course, is Prime Minister Nehru himself, the idol of the Indian masses. If it be true that the Westernized minority is losing its monopoly of power, why

does Nehru's party continue to win elections? Our friend N. C. Chaudhuri had an answer:

"It is because of the figure of Nehru, nothing else. The people worship him. Not because of his ideas — they haven't the slightest notion what his ideas are. They worship him as the anointed successor of Gandhi, and Gandhi as the symbol and saint of free India. To them, Nehru is not so much a leader as a sacred image, and as long as he lives the Congress government will be secure. When Nehru goes, the Congress and the

Westernized minority will simply disappear, for it has no authority of its own. India will go back to the old Indian ways, and ignore the West altogether."

Whether this will be a true prophecy for India, we must wait and see. But it gains considerable strength from the recent experience of a neighboring Commonwealth country, Ceylon.

Nowhere in Asia, until lately, was the English-educated minority so complacent, so apparently secure as in Ceylon. Gandhi called them "black Englishmen," so faithfully did they imitate the masters

from over the sea. Independence came to Ceylon without a struggle, and the men who took over the government were the same men who had been running it under British tutelage for years.

When the "black Englishmen" went to the people in a routine election four years ago, they took it for granted they would be returned to power as usual. There had been a little trouble with Left-leaning trades unions in urban industries and on the tea estates up country, and they'd had some bitter family quarrels in their own ranks, but it never occurred



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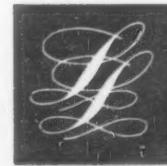
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to them or to any foreign observer that they might be defeated. In fact, they were turned out of office by an electoral revolt so decisive that the old ruling party retained no more than half a dozen seats.

The nature of the revolt was not apparent at once. The new prime minister, Solomon Bandaranaike, was a relative of his defeated predecessor and was himself an English-educated man, a onetime secretary of the Oxford Union. (In the election for that post he had beaten a fellow undergraduate named Malcolm MacDonald, later British High Commissioner to Canada and to India.) Also, Bandaranaike's electoral platform was an untidy conglomeration of everybody's grievances, and it thus bore some resemblance to the platform of all the Left Wing parties in Ceylon. It was easy, therefore, to translate his victory into trite western terms as a triumph of Left over Right.

But the force that did more than any other to put Bandaranaike in, and to put out the orthodox pro-Western government of Sir John Kotelawala, was the army of twelve thousand Buddhist monks who are custodians of the ancient tradition and culture of Ceylon. These yellow-robed clerics play a unique role, a combination of landlord, moneylender, soothsayer, doctor and priest. In sum they represent the old ways and the old wisdom, in opposition to the alien and the newfangled.

What happened then is complex and obscure. The terrible race riots of 1958 were an outburst not only against Europeans but against the Tamil-speaking Hindu minority that came originally from South India and is an even more hated challenge to Sinhalese culture than the English-educated few. The murder of Prime Minister Bandaranaike last September was a squalid affair, more like a gangster killing than a political assassination.

But the man who shot Bandaranaike was a Buddhist monk, who was caught literally red-handed. Of the men accused as co-conspirators, one is an *ayurvedic* doctor, a practitioner of the old traditional medicine. And the chief, the alleged organizer of the plot, is a fat, cold-eyed man who sits in the prisoner's dock still shaven-pated and still wearing the saffron robes of his holy order. The Crown's case is that Bandaranaike was murdered for disappointing the hopes and ambitions of the Buddhist clerics who put him into office and whose aim is to go back to the ancient ways of Ceylon.

Since then, a new election has left Ceylon without a stable government, and a run-off this month offers rather precarious hope of doing better. The general atmosphere of chaos, of blind reaction against the twentieth century, is still present.

In Pakistan the collapse of a pseudo-democracy led to a mild and seemingly popular dictatorship, which to Westerners has a familiar and rather attractive look. President Ayub Khan is a Sandhurst man, tall and straight-backed. He speaks beautiful English in the clipped accents, and through the clipped mustache, of an old Indian army officer in the days of British rule—which of course he was.

Most of the things Ayub has done are admirable. He has cleaned up the mess of corruption into which Pakistan's so-called democracy dissolved. He and his brother officers, with the help of old-line civil servants, are beginning to bring efficiency into Pakistan's administration. Foreign diplomats admire him, especially the Indians, for Ayub has done much to thaw the cold war between Rawalpindi and New Delhi.

It's only when you turn to the positive side that doubts arise. Ayub really has

no philosophy of government. He thinks of the nation as if it were a regiment, and his system of "basic democracy," by which one "elector" is chosen for each one thousand of population and the "electors" then get special education, is a training scheme for political NCOs. Whatever may grow out of "basic democracy," it will bear no resemblance to the democracy we know in the west.

The Indian democracy, unlike the Pakistani, still functions fairly well. But what does startle the visiting westerner, especially if he has been in India before, is the second-hand evidence of corruption, nepotism, and the kind of incompetence that approaches tyranny—the second-hand evidence of the Indian press. The chronic and virulent cynicism, the daily reports of scandal in government, the innuendo and outright libel in editorials are quite shocking.

But for reasons as understandable as they are nonsensical, Indians tend to

But the cynic does not get the whole story either. India really has "spiritual values" that the West knows not of, and the greatest of these is the ability to recognize and appreciate spiritual grandeur. In the supposedly Christian countries of the West, it is extremely doubtful if Jesus of Nazareth could win an election. Gandhi, preaching a kindred doctrine of peace and love, could carry a whole people with him. In India a Christ-like way of life is still revered, even if not imitated.

Nehru himself is a rationalist and an agnostic, a Harrow and Cambridge man whose mother tongue is English and who still, they say, speaks Hindi with a foreign accent. Nevertheless he is a man of tremendous and visible spiritual force.

His cabinet ministers, able as some of them are, quite lack this special quality. They are competent but ordinary men, with ordinary European minds, and it is easy to believe that when Nehru goes, they will vanish. But India has other potential leaders who are not now holders of office, and who may inherit the true power by which Gandhi and Nehru have swayed two generations.

The most impressive man I met was not Vinoba Bhave himself (whose saintliness is so naive and self-conscious that it strikes a Western visitor as false) but one of Bhave's disciples, a younger man named Jayaprakash Narayan.

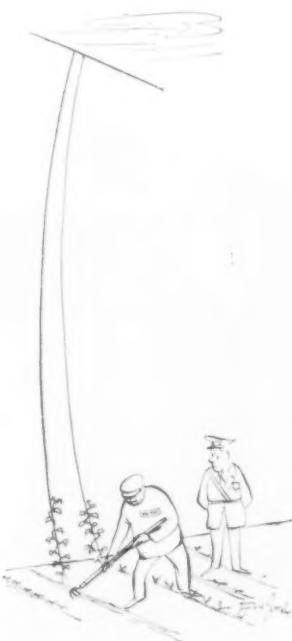
Jayaprakash Narayan was once the leader of the Praja (People's) Socialist Party, which is still the main opposition (albeit a feeble one) to the ruling Congress Party. He was then a professed Marxist, though never an orthodox communist, and he is still much farther Left in his views than the average North American. He was once regarded fondly by Nehru, and widely hailed as the heir apparent to leadership in the present government of India, but that ended long ago—he is now an outspoken critic who has said, among other heresies, "At all costs Nehru must go." Several years ago he gave up party politics altogether and devoted himself to Vinoba Bhave's "land-gift movement," and he is still resisting appeals to return to the political arena.

If Jayaprakash Narayan were directing India's destiny he would be looking inward rather than outward as Nehru has done. He would try to build a peculiarly Indian economy of small industries in small places—not the hand-spinning economy of Gandhi's dream, but not the gigantic production machine of North America and Europe. Like Nehru he has no religious orthodoxy, but like Nehru he is a kind of secular mystic, a man who finds material things unsatisfying and fundamentally trivial. To me he seems to embody all that is most attractive, most deserving of respect, in the Indian way of thought and life.

Whether his fellow countrymen will so regard him, whether they will make him the successor of Nehru as some believe, only the event can show. But one thing even the most casual visitor can predict with some assurance:

Whoever takes up the mantle that the aging Nehru must shed before long, the leader of the future will be truly Indian and not just a Westerner with a brown skin. The time of Western domination is near its end. No western leadership, however benign, will last much longer, nor any "foreign aid" that contains a hint of patronage or fatherly guidance. If an Indian democracy survives at all, it will survive in an Indian form—perhaps one that Westerners won't recognize. ★

(Some of these interviews will be broadcast on CBC program *Close-Up* July 7.)



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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 7

approach is simple and matter of fact: "You want it or you don't want it—it's okay with me."

The other day my girl friend's twelve-year-old son decided to take his schoolmate to the movies.

"Did you have a good time?" his mother asked after he returned home.

"Laura's a bore," he said gravely. "I bought her ticket, gave her a box of popcorn and two chocolate bars and she wouldn't even let me hold her hand. I'll never speak to her again."

Many European girls I know keep complaining that boys they really liked stopped calling after their second meeting because the girls wouldn't kiss them. We who expect to be courted and wooed for a considerable length of time find this great hurry insulting; but North American girls have a different attitude. A man in Paris once told me about his encounter with a lovely American lady. He sent her orchids, took her for dinner, to a nightclub, and finally for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. By that time his mind was filled with romantic thoughts and he started to stroke her bare arm.

"What do you think you're doing?" the lady asked with a scolding look. "And where are you taking me anyway?"

Before he could explain the innocence of his action and tell her the magnetic charm she was radiating would cause him to dream about her all night, she gave the driver the address of her hotel and slipped her escort a key. "I like comfort," she said.

I remember how we used to go out with boys back home for weeks and months and discuss Plato and Sophocles, Rubens and Rodin, science and politics and the future of the world before we switched to a more intimate subject. Very little of this is being done here. I often think about a poem in which a Hungarian poet described his extraordinary adventure with a girl. They sat in a restaurant discussing Zola and both felt that they were falling in love. Suddenly the girl yawned and said, "This romance is starting like all romances. Now you will talk about Zola and Marx to me for weeks and then you will want to seduce me. But couldn't we leave out Marx and Zola for once?"

Although this lady was not North American she could have been, and what's more, here she could have remained a lady after voicing such an unorthodox idea — which, as you know, would hardly be the case in Europe.

One of the many advantages North American girls have is that they can be brazen and straightforward without being considered cheap.

"It is always better if the woman takes the initiative," one gentleman explained to me. "Then at least you know where you stand. Nothing can be more embarrassing for a man than to take no for an answer."

Why it should be less embarrassing for Europeans I don't quite see; but then European men are usually less concerned with knowing where they stand than with pursuing what they want. In all fairness we have to admit that our men like to think of us as slightly second-rate weaklings who have to be taught what's good for them, and they are seldom influenced by our opinions and decisions.

Here, it is the omnipotent woman who makes the decisions and lays down the law. She does so, not necessarily because she likes it (I often doubt whether she does), but because she is expected to. If she is aggressive and domineering it is because the men want her to be.

You would be surprised to read in the men's magazines what North American males are dreaming about. Instead of wanting to rescue their beloved ones from pirates, lions or fires, they have fantasies that take them to desert islands inhabited by savage Amazons. There,

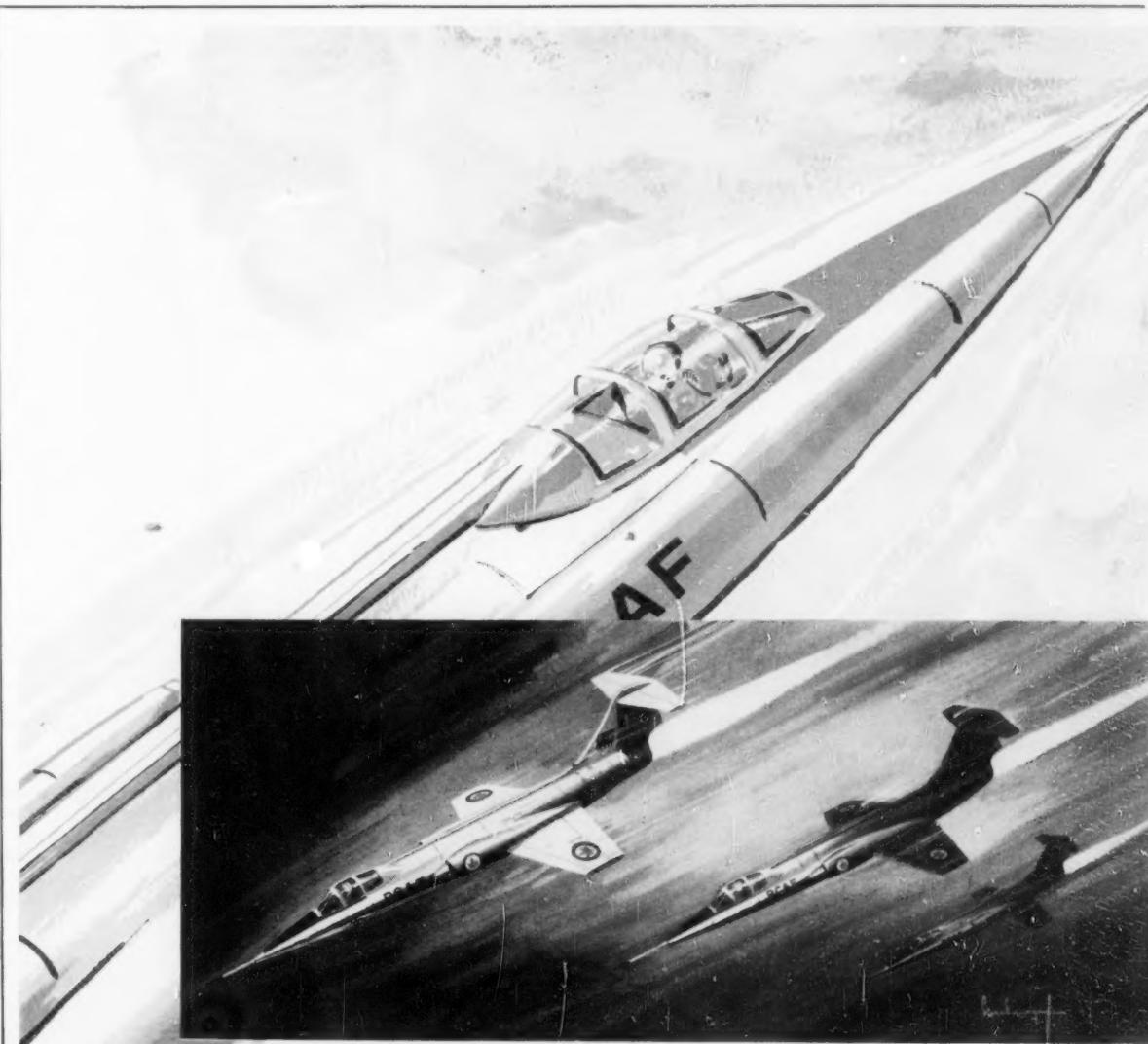
under the threat of death, they have to make love to their captors. Such magazines also print true stories and reports proving that the writer I once met in Greenwich Village was so right.

"I never run after a woman," he said. "If I put on a dirty shirt and don't shave for a week I have masses of them pestering me. And I prefer it this way."

According to dozens of colorful magazines with titles like All Man, Man's Life and Wildcat, not even a dirty shirt is necessary. In one of these magazines I read about the sad fate of an advertis-

ing executive from Madison Avenue. On his way to California he stopped for a day in a trailer camp to catch some fish. He had to pay for his breakfast with a visit to the waitress' trailer and after returning found his carburetor stolen, his tires airless and his vehicle crowded with demanding maidens. The poor man was "forced" to stay for four full weeks, during which he didn't get a chance to wet his fishing line.

Of course, I am not saying I believe every word of these articles, but the fact remains that in North American life and



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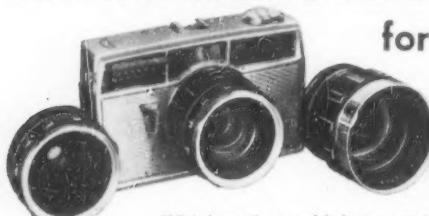
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literature most of the chasing is done by women. And yet the men like to think of themselves as tough guys. They take widely advertised body-building courses that enable them to "tear a telephone book in half" or "tow a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet." After such exertions it is no wonder they don't want to get involved in lengthy romances.

While love in Europe is a three-act play, here it is a blackout—or at the best, a series of blackouts. People meet, love and part just as anywhere else, but the hundreds of props which to us are sometimes more important than the outcome of the play are missing. Few girls get flowers, presents, compliments, confessions of everlasting passion, or other morale-boosting lies. There are no serenades; no one will threaten to commit suicide if they don't give in and no one will shower them with gestures of gratitude if they do. They can take it or leave it, but they can't expect their partners to feel indebted or bound to them as most European men would, or at least would pretend to be.

If it is hard to understand that the act of love does not necessarily have to have preliminaries, it is much harder to accept the possible lack of consequences. Every European girl would consider a man a scoundrel if he did not call, write or come around after she gave in to him; and she would consider him even worse if he popped up two weeks later, completely oblivious to this grave offense, and asked for another date.

No love affairs here

But I suppose North American men have to be taken for what they are, and I must say, they are polite and dependable and helpful and good company. They know what they want, and if they don't, then the girls tell them; and they are good friends and good husbands. If they don't quite know how to bring a romantic atmosphere into a love affair it is partly because they are not expected to, and partly because there are no love affairs on this continent. And this is the main difference between Europe and North America. Our people have affairs; here people make love. Whether they do so with a fleeting acquaintance, girl friend, wife, or somebody else's wife, it is simple, fast, unromantic and terribly matter-of-fact. Personally I think they are missing the best things in life, but perhaps the trimmings which are so important for us seem unnecessary to them.

"Why should I walk with a girl hand in hand in a cold moonlit park if I can take her to my room?" a Canadian friend once asked me. I didn't try to explain. If he had to ask, he wouldn't have understood anyway.

The lack of innocent, purposeless flirting makes life often seem drab to a European girl, who from her earliest age is constantly aware of being a woman and expects all men around her to pay a silent tribute to this. This subtle form of tribute is not practised here. Not even teenagers would content themselves with expressing emotions via eyes alone. You remember the thrill we used to get as teenagers walking up and down the main street exchanging glances with the boys we knew? I don't think the youngsters here would appreciate this form of enjoyment, but then their ideas of fun are very different from what ours used to be. There is much less poetry and literature and much more talk of fast driving. When I see all the privileges they have I envy them sometimes. More often, I feel sorry for them. If you

have everything you want as a teenager, how can you look forward to becoming an adult?

Growing up and getting married affects North American girls in an unusual way. While European women are expected to portray innocence before their marriage and maturity after; with North Americans the case is often reversed. Many wives are proud to know so little about the things they were proud to know so much about as teenagers. Consequently I am happy to report that adultery is almost unadmitted on this continent.

I suppose you will find this statement hard to believe. But if you were to read some American novels and see some American plays you might be convinced that while lesser evils like alcoholism, dope addiction, homosexuality and murder are frequent happenings in North American life, adultery does not occur often enough to be worth mentioning.

The marital triangle which supplied European literature with comic and tragic ideas for centuries is rarely mentioned. Occasionally married couples do commit this greatest sin of all (husbands with call girls or their secretaries; wives with waiters, musicians or life-guards of Latin origin), in which case the situation is always represented as grave and sordid, and the transgressors have to be punished in a horrible way. However, one doesn't really feel sorry for them because only Very Bad People commit adultery anyway. Except for the heroes of John O'Hara's books, who are simply immoral in every possible way, adulterers are usually at the same time thieves, alcoholics, heroin peddlers or at least prospective murderers.

Some people with whom I have discussed this subject suggested that this was not so in real life, and perhaps I was reading the wrong books, but I am more inclined to think that the right books, the ones that would picture the true situation, would have a hard time finding a publisher, let alone a film producer.

Adultery is taboo. In all the time I have lived here I have seen only one movie in which an erring man and woman were allowed to divorce their mates, marry each other, and live happily ever after. It was called *A Summer Place*, and the critics thought it outrageous.

Yes, this is a strange world, and many of its customs and conceptions will leave a European girl flabbergasted; but many of its advantages she will soon learn to appreciate. The greatest advantage, I think, is the way men here are always willing to assume more than their share of the burdens. What European man would think cooking, cleaning or dish washing was part of his duties? What European would give his wife a helping hand with the laundry, carry the groceries or tend babies instead of running off with the boys every night? (And she'd be lucky if it were boys.)

I said North American men were unromantic, and so they are. They know little about flattering lies, but what they say one can depend on. Brilliant conversationalists are rare, but almost every one of them knows how to fix a leaking water tap. And if they lack the flippancy and easy charm of the men of the world, as men of the house they have values that cannot be surpassed.

So you see, Eva, it all depends on what you want. If a girl wants a gallant charmer she had better stick with the Europeans, but if she prefers a down-to-earth, conscientious, hard-working and always-ready-to-help partner she might find it worthwhile to chase a North American. ★



London Letter

Continued from page 8

up the traffic in the streets and to cut down the accident rate.

But even after this success, he must have been as astonished as the rest of us when in 1937, the period of the approaching Hitler war, he was appointed secretary of state for war. The generals accepted their new political master with courtesy but without enthusiasm.

With his quick, sensitive mind, Belisha saw that Britain was hopelessly unready for war. Why? That was the question, and he was determined to answer it. "I am going to make a personal enquiry into the men's quarters," he said. "What are they like?" To obtain the answers he talked not only to the generals and senior officers but to the men in the ranks.

A realist as well as a romantic, Belisha knew that he would find difficulties as a civilian minister set above the generals. Wisely he admitted to Sir Cyril Deverell, chief of the Imperial General Staff, and to each of the members of the army council, that he knew nothing of the conduct of war nor of preparation for it. The generals nodded their agreement, but Belisha brought them up with a jerk when he said: "But I shall learn on my feet."

Why he was fired

Day by day he probed the recesses of army procedure and army requirements and realized that the immediate need was for more men. The regular army in 1937 was short by twenty thousand of its establishment, while the volunteer Territorials were forty thousand short. Belisha noted in his diary that looking five years ahead the prospect was that Britain would not be able to supply troops for the overseas garrison.

So there was conscription and, in addition, volunteers came forward in a growing stream.

And now comes the climax to the story. That morning when I sat down opposite Belisha at his desk it was obvious that some crisis was at hand. He was flushed and his fingers moved nervously as he talked. Finally he handed me a letter and asked me to read it. It was from the prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, and was marked "Strictly Private."

The letter was as courteous as it was definite. It said that Belisha had done splendid work at the War Office but the prime minister now felt that his gifts would be used to better effect as president of the Board of Trade. He hoped that Belisha would agree and his new post would be crowned with success.

"Well?" said Belisha when I had finished reading the letter. "What do you make of it?"

I told him that there could not be the slightest hesitation — he must accept the Board of Trade post which, if not as spectacular as the War Office, was vitally important to the war effort.

"I am much obliged for your advice," he said, "but you must not be surprised if I do not accept it."

The years of adulation by his mother, the swift success in journalism and the strong impression he had made in parliament itself had blunted his mind to reality. Nothing could persuade him to

move from the War Office to the Board of Trade.

Later I learned the reason why he was being forced out. In dismissing a number of old-fashioned generals (and thereby clearing the way for men like Montgomery, Alexander and Alanbrooke), Belisha had aroused such resentment that Chamberlain decided, rightly or wrongly, that he must go. Perhaps he believed that Belisha's arrogance would only lead to more serious trouble if he remained in the War Office.

There can be little doubt that the wor-

ship of his mother and the flattery of his friends had produced the inevitable and irretrievable result. As we had warned him, his dismissal was a spectacular one-day sensation, a controversial second-day discussion, and a third-day retirement into the mists from which he was really never to emerge.

Deep in the land of shadows his marriage ended in separation. The man who might have been a second Disraeli, the man whose mentality was capable of almost any requirement, the man who could hold any audience enthralled, be-

came the Man Who Was — lonely, indulgent, out of keeping with the world he lived. His health declined and he died before his time.

Toward the end of his life, he had become a Roman Catholic, spending many of his weekends in monasteries where he sought the solace to his spirit which the life outside had denied him.

Here are the words Hore-Belisha wrote during one of his periods of retreat in a monastery:

"The world has gone wrong by losing contact with nature. The world does not



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know where the food it eats comes from. Here they are not afraid to soil their hands in helping to raise it. Here is the secret of a balanced life. If ever I were to become minister of education I would consider applying the rule of St. Benedict who so consummately proportions the labor of the body to the labor of the mind, both kinds of labor deriving grace because they are a devotion to God ... It was in a dark period of history that

the need of monasteries was first felt."

What are the reasons why a man like Belisha should soar like a rocket and then fall meaninglessly to earth? First it is indisputably true that his mother's worship of him weakened the processes of his mind and his judgment. Secondly, he lacked a sense of proportion — a weakness which led him to his incredible refusal to accept the presidency of the Board of Trade.

Perhaps it is inevitable that nature, which abhors the unusual, is more kind to the ordinary man than to the genius. Yet Churchill was a genius who kept his feet firmly on the ground and never cheapened his standards of judgment.

When Neville Chamberlain was forced by events beyond his control to resign as a war-time prime minister, the younger MPs had no sympathy for him, but Churchill said to a few of us in the

Smoke Room: "Chamberlain is a finer man than I could ever be."

If Hore-Belisha had possessed Churchill's generosity of spirit, if he had understood the inarticulate idealism of the ordinary man, if he had been content now and then to walk across the Downs and commune with nature and the sea, his might be a name today that not only Jewry but the rest of mankind would acclaim. ★



The great First of July foot race continued from page 13

"With a hoarse bellow, the Fortune Flier lowered his head and charged like an angry bull!"

voice, "it don't signify. Laurier could put us on the map, handled right. Big crowds from all over. Good for business. You bet."

Seth Ponsford scratched his rim of gray whisker and admitted that maybe Laurier wasn't so bad after all, for a Liberal. From his bunk, where he sprawled behind a flaming beard, Montana, the stable man, expressed the opinion that Laurier was no worse than any other damned politician.

"Wrecked the country, that's all," said Art.

Uncle Cedric drained his glass deliberately and licked his mustache.

"Dominion Day," he said, "is above politics. What we need is something different, something unique, something to write the name of Fortune on the mind of Canada."

"In French, I suppose," Art sneered. Uncle Cedric ignored the sarcasm. "We've got to make our first Dominion Day," he went on in that resonant courtroom voice that had swayed so many juries, "forever memorable. And I know how to do it. Is Petit in shape to run?"

Petit Dansereau seemed in fine shape to me. He was shoeing a horse in the blacksmith shop beside the livery stable and he didn't look much smaller than the horse. That was why everybody called him Petit, which was understood to mean small in French.

Nobody knew his right name anyway and Petit didn't care. He'd hardly learned a word of English since arriving from Rimouski with two remarkable talents. Petit could drink more beer than anyone in town and run faster than anyone in western Canada. Both records had been established beyond question and the Courier had christened Petit the Fortune Flier.

You wouldn't guess his speed, though, by looking at him. He was about as fat as Dandy Fortune, six feet five in height, and under a tangle of black curls his face was like a baby's, hairless, swarthy and always fixed in a shy little grin.

The men in the harness room studied Petit through the doorway while he hammered a red-hot horseshoe and sang softly to himself in French.

"He's soft," Uncle Cedric said, "but we'll fix that. Yes, sir, the thing's perfect. Laurier comes to town and what does he find? He finds a fellow French-Canadian, one of his own compatriots, beating the best runners in the west. That'll touch him. Why, the whole country is going to ring with it."

"That's the ticket," said Dandy. "Sentiment. You bet."

Seth scratched his whisker again and inspected Petit anxiously.

"What," he asked, "if Petit don't win?"

"No chance of that," said Uncle Cedric, "if he's in training. Remember what he

did in Nelson and Fort Macleod, with no training either."

Of course, I hadn't seen Petit run in those distant cities but I'd watched him cover a measured mile in Fortune and leave his rivals from Kamloops, Revelstoke and Golden a good quarter of a mile behind. And this after he'd trained for weeks on beer and drunk at least two gallons just before the race. Having inspected him at the Palace bar, the outsiders had bet heavily against Petit and his local backers had won a lot of money, at high odds.

Now they observed Petit's hammer rise and fall, the muscles swelling in his bare arms.

"He'll do," Dandy grunted. "Trouble is, nobody'll bet agin him."

"Ah, that's where you're wrong," said Uncle Cedric, and he dropped his voice to a confidential tone. "They've got a new boy in Kamloops, name of Mickey Gropp, five feet high but made of steel. They call him the Kamloops Comet. They're keeping him dark but they'll bet on him all right. He runs a mile in five minutes flat."

"Nobody but a horse," Montana grumbled from the bunk, "can run a mile in five minutes."

"I timed him in Kamloops last week with my own watch," Uncle Cedric insisted. "Mark my words, he's dangerous. A teetotaler, too. I tell you Petit needs training. No more beer."

"Wait a minute," said Dandy. "You cut him down too quick and you'll throw him off his stride."

"No more beer!" Uncle Cedric repeated firmly. "I ought to know a little about training. After all, I won my Blue at

Oxford in the mile. No more beer. That was our Oxford method. How will it look if Laurier sees his fellow French-Canadian come in second, or last?"

"Serve him right," said Art.

"Well, let's time Petit," Seth suggested.

That evening the Fortune Flier drank eleven quarts of beer at the Palace bar, against Uncle Cedric's protests, and after taking off his boots, socks and all other garments except his overalls, prepared to run three times around the race track at the rodeo grounds, a mile.

At the starting point he warmed up as usual by dancing on the grass. His great arms and legs moved up and down with the rhythm of a machine until the sweat poured out of him in shiny globules.

"Ah bien," he said at last. "N'importe. It eeze nuzzing." With a hoarse bellow, he lowered his head and charged like a bull.

"See?" said Dandy as Petit came churning around the first lap. "He's fine. Runs on beer. The hell with the Oxford method."

Uncle Cedric said nothing but kept his eyes on his watch. When Petit finished the third lap in a lather, Uncle Cedric put the watch back in his pocket. "It won't do," he said. "Five minutes, twenty-eight seconds. No more beer."

Only a born diplomat and learned lawyer like Uncle Cedric could have cut Petit off his beer, but in the end the Flier retired to Seth's ranch outside town with a hundred dollars and the promise of five hundred more if he beat the Kamloops Comet. Montana accompanied him to make sure he stayed on the wagon.

By this time Art had sent some lively news items to the Vancouver papers and

the Dominion Day race before the eyes of the prime minister made headlines all over the country. Before setting out on his tour Sir Wilfrid told the correspondents at Ottawa that he looked forward with pleasure to the athletic contest in Fortune and the traditional hospitality of the far west.

"What he's looking forward to," said Art, "is Fortune's vote in the next election. Dragging Dominion Day into politics already."

"Politics," said Dandy, "is politics and don't signify. But business is business. We're on the map already."

The celebration committee had organized a grand reception, the ladies of Fortune planned a picnic at the rodeo grounds and Dandy stocked the Palace with plenty of refreshments.

Art objected on principle to the big banner across the main street announcing that Fortune Welcomes Canada's Chieftain, but in a fine spirit of patriotism he published an editorial to explain that though the Courier was opposed to everything Laurier stood for, it esteemed manly sport far above the sordid game of politics.

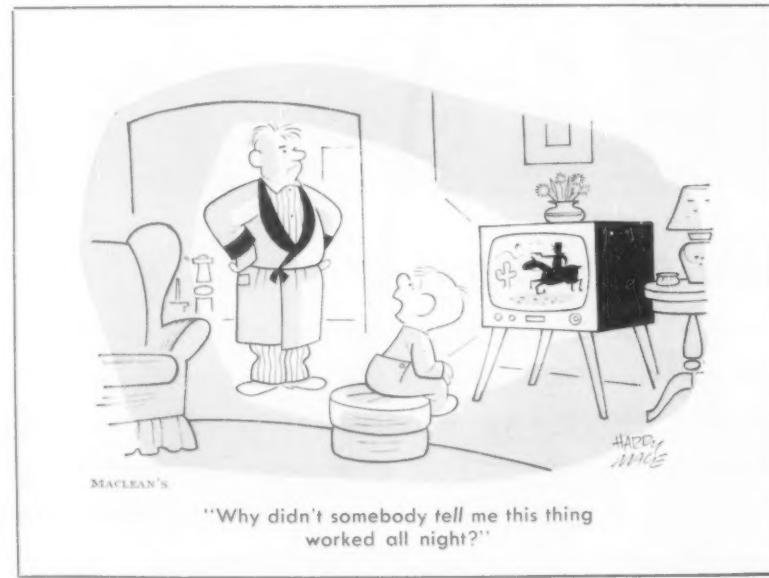
Everything seemed to be going along well but I could see that Uncle Cedric was worried. As he told his colleagues, they had overdone the public build-up of Petit. The odds in his favor were now three to one in Kamloops, where most of the betting was done, and the chances of profit slight for his backers.

After a long argument in the harness room, the Courier published a discreet paragraph stating that Petit had sprained his ankle in training. That drove the odds down a little at Kamloops, and they fell again when the Kamloops Sentinel reported that Mickey Gropp, the Comet, had been released from his job in Finch's butcher shop, was training rigorously and had been clocked at a second under five minutes.

"Jest one of them Kamloops lies," said Montana. "Only a horse could do it."

All the same, the betting was even now at Kamloops, and some of the money was coming from Vancouver and Calgary. Then the Vancouver Province sent a reporter to Fortune and published a lengthy verbatim interview with Petit, who only grinned and said he was feeling good. The Province gave such a favorable account of Petit's speed that the odds at Kamloops soon stood at four to one against the Comet.

The traveling men from Kamloops gathered all the information they could in the Palace bar and tried to see Petit training but Seth wouldn't let any stranger pass his gate at the ranch. Only Uncle Cedric was admitted to coach Petit in the Oxford method. This secrecy must have discouraged the outsiders. The odds on Petit reached five to one.



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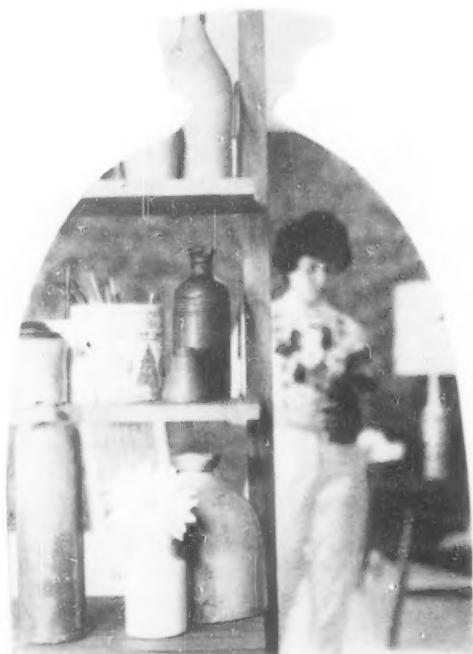
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EARLY CANADIAN CROCKS



IN LATE CANADIAN ROOMS

Old crocks are news. They're lovely to look at and precious to own, as our July cover story shows. They're about the only Early Canadian antiques left that are plentiful and cheap. And they go with modern furniture as if made for the purpose. Another item designed for modern living is The Serving Cart. Our special fold-out feature shows the newest models and how to table-set them. Also in July: New Ideas from the Home Show, a controversy-packed article — Who's To Blame for The Builder's House?, plus a bonus 20-page tear-out Guidebook: **The Benoit Book of Weekend Cooking and Entertaining.**

ON SALE MOST NEWSSTANDS ON JUNE 21

CANADIAN **Homes**
A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

That didn't suit the celebration committee. In its next issue the Courier intimated that the Flier was troubled with "a slight heart ailment which his medical advisers do not consider serious." That same night Petit escaped from the ranch, ran seven miles to town, barefoot, and consumed a considerable quantity at the Palace before Dandy arrived and stopped him.

Afterwards Petit sang Alouette and A la Claire Fontaine, in a small, sad voice on the steps of the hotel, clad only in his overalls, until Montana and two cowboys drove up in a buckboard and wrapped him in blankets and took him back to the ranch.

The story of that seven-mile run was in all the big papers arriving at the Courier office. The Ottawa Journal's headline called Petit "The Beer Barrel on Legs" and the Vancouver Sun's sport editor referred to him as "Fortune's Fountain of Furious Froth." Interviewed at Fort William, Sir Wilfrid said it was most interesting. He looked forward to the race with pleasure. By the middle of June the odds on Petit were seven to one at Kamloops.

For some reason I didn't understand, the assurance of Petit's victory failed to impress Uncle Cedric. He had become moody and irritable around the house, and Aunt Bertha told me to keep out of his way. Suddenly he went over to Kamloops on legal business, he said, and returned more cranky than ever. After watching Petit's daily work-out at the ranch, he warned the celebration committee that there must be a traitor in the camp.

"You can't tell me," he said, "that Petit isn't getting beer. I could see it coming out of him from every pore. He's slowing down."

"I'll take care of that," said Seth, whose bets on Petit were said to be nearly a thousand dollars. He moved out to the ranch with Montana and between them they watched Petit day and night.

Uncle Cedric reported that Petit's condition was steadily improving and he had pretty well mastered the Oxford running method. Yet Uncle Cedric remained strangely subdued and thoughtful. Above all, he said, the satisfactory change in the Flier must be kept secret.

"If that Kamloops crowd gets wind of it," he told the celebration committee, "they'll smuggle in beer to him somehow. And he's trained so fine that even one drink in him and I wouldn't guarantee anything."

But the Kamloops crowd must have got wind of it. By the time Laurier reached Winnipeg the odds on Petit, according to the Daily Province, stood at nine to one. Since there was little chance of profit at these figures, I was surprised one night to hear Uncle Cedric strongly advise Aunt Bertha to put some of her housekeeping money on Petit, though his own investment must have been fairly heavy by now.

Aunt Bertha looked up from the sink, her face darkened to a deeper purple and her plump fist cut the air like a hatchet.

"At nine to one! You take me for crazy?"

She went on to remind Uncle Cedric of her losses in his last mining claim.

Uncle Cedric hadn't practised on juries for nothing. The dispute continued in the kitchen all evening while I listened from the stairs. Finally Aunt Bertha agreed to lend Uncle Cedric two hundred dollars on his promise to repay it three times over, win or lose, and take her on a trip to Vancouver as well. He wrote it down and she put the agreement in her bread box.

The money was in Uncle Cedric's

pocket next morning as he took the train for Kamloops, where he hoped to get the best possible odds without attracting attention.

The visit to Kamloops restored his spirits amazingly. When he got off the train two days later he gave me a silver dollar and informed the committee in the harness room that the Comet was over-trained and fading. And when Seth sent a note from the ranch to say that the Flier hadn't taken a drink for a week Uncle Cedric declared that the thing was in the bag.

"No one," he affirmed, "can beat him, sober."

Dandy was still doubtful.

"Take a man off the stuff too sudden," he said, "and it's a shock to the constitution."

"He looks to me a little white around the gills," Art agreed. "Kind of peeky, like."

"Nonsense," said Uncle Cedric. "Just nerves. The same thing always happened to me at Oxford. Keep him off beer and don't worry."

That evening he assured Aunt Bertha that her money was as good as gold.

"Sir Wilfrid looked like God"

On the First of July Aunt Bertha was up early to press Uncle Cedric's tail coat and sponge his top hat. He spent the morning in his study, polishing up the speech of welcome. I brushed my pony till he glistened.

The special train from Kamloops pulled in at noon — six extra coaches, two Pullmans from Vancouver and Sir Wilfrid's private car at the rear.

Only the welcoming committee was allowed on the platform, but from my saddle at the edge of the crowd I could see the Kamloops passengers get off first, among them a small, skinny youngster with a tight, crooked face, whom I took for the Comet. There were a dozen other runners and reporters and photographers and everybody was cheering.

A bigger cheer went up as a tall man in a gray frock coat stepped off the last car. He looked like a statue to me and when he lifted his gray top hat and his white curls gleamed in the sun he looked like my private image of God. Though I had been brought up to believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was destroying the British Empire, I found myself shouting with the crowd.

Uncle Cedric lifted his black top hat, shook Sir Wilfrid's hand and pulled the address of welcome from his pocket.

I didn't catch the words at the beginning but I could hear Uncle Cedric say in his clearest courtroom voice that "the issues of public policy may divide us and many loyal citizens of the City of Fortune can never support a government which they believe subversive of their highest ideals, nevertheless we greet respectfully the prime minister of our nation . . ."

The rest was lost in the cheers. I couldn't hear Sir Wilfrid's answering remarks because my pony had started acting up and it was all I could do to keep in the saddle. The parade started down the main street, Dandy's red Reo in front. Sir Wilfrid stood beside the driver, bare-headed and bowing gracefully in all directions.

By the time I got to the rodeo grounds he was sitting on a long bench. Aunt Bertha on his right under her green parasol and Uncle Cedric on his left, with Art and Dandy. I tied my pony to a tree and squeezed through the crowd up to the back of the bench.

The runners had changed their clothes

in a tent already. One by one they were brought up to be introduced to Sir Wilfrid by Uncle Cedric. The Comet, in his blue shorts, exposed a knotted little body of rippling muscle that looked mighty dangerous to me.

Sir Wilfrid rose to shake his hand and give him a flashing smile.

"Good luck," he said, "to Kamloops!"

"What did I tell you?" Art muttered to Dandy. "Playing to the Kamloops vote."

His words were drowned in a sudden roar as Petit stepped out of the tent, barefoot and naked except for a scrap of red silk pants around his middle. They were too tight for him, though he seemed to have lost half his weight. The old baby smile was gone. I thought he looked dizzy.

"Sir Wilfrid, allow me to present," said Uncle Cedric, "your compatriot from Rimouski, Monsieur Dansereau, better known as Petit, the Flier."

"All Canadians are compatriots of mine," Sir Wilfrid answered, a little sharply, but he gave Petit his hand and another flashing smile.

"Mon brave, comment ça va?" As an afterthought Sir Wilfrid added: "Vive le sport!"

"French talk," Art grumbled under his breath, "and the Fortune vote."

Petit just looked down at his bare feet and shuffled them in the dust.

"He ain't right," Dandy whispered to Uncle Cedric. "You've took him off beer too quick."

"Nonsense!" Uncle Cedric whispered back behind his hand. "He's in the pink. Just nerves."

A dozen runners crouched at the starting line. Only Petit stood upright. His arms hung loosely by his sides. His eyes never left the ground.

Sir Wilfrid had settled back, still smiling, his gray gloves cupped over the silver knob of his cane. Uncle Cedric leaned forward, watch in hand.

There was no sound in all that crowd until, over Uncle Cedric's shoulder, I saw a flash and heard the revolver crack, and all the runners seemed to leap into the air as one man, all except Petit. He had begun to dance at the starting line, his huge arms and legs moving like pistons.

Above the crowd's anxious murmur a little squeak came from Art.

"What's got into him?"

"Not beer anyways," Dandy grunted.

"Just wait," said Uncle Cedric, but the watch was shaking in his hand.

And sure enough, at that moment Petit lowered his head and charged. He was all right now. His dark body seemed to move like a locomotive down a track. On the first curve he passed the others as if they had been standing still, but the Comet was still ahead. On the straightaway opposite us, Petit passed him, too, like an engine running over a beetle, and he must have gained a lead of a hundred yards as he crossed the line of the first lap.

Even Sir Wilfrid had leaped to his feet. Art jumped up and down on the bench. Dandy made hoarse, choking sounds. Aunt Bertha waved her parasol and howled: "Go it, Petit!" Alone among that cheering crowd, Uncle Cedric had slumped down limply, the pince-nez fallen from his nose on its black ribbon.

The Comet gained a little on the second lap but Petit passed the starting point far ahead, gliding with a machine's iron motion.

Sir Wilfrid lifted his gray topper, shouted "Bravo!" and patted Aunt Bertha's hand with his gray glove. He didn't seem to feel it when Art slapped him on the back and then, stooping over, yelled

in Uncle Cedric's ear: "You did it! You did it! The Oxford method!" But Uncle Cedric didn't move. He stared blankly at his watch and let it drop from his hand. It dangled with the pince-nez between his legs.

The thing happened in the middle of the last lap. Just as he churned into the straightaway, Petit seemed to wobble sideways. His legs crumpled slowly under him, and he sat down on the ground. A cry of horror went up from the crowd, then silence, broken by a single shrill scream from Aunt Bertha. Sir Wilfrid patted her hand and murmured: "Alors, courage ma chère."

For a long moment Art peered fixedly across the field at Petit. "I knew it," he gasped and his tiny hands clutched Uncle Cedric's shoulders. "See! You drained him out, by God! No beer."

Uncle Cedric didn't hear anything. He had risen to his feet at last with a strange, wild look on his face. But no sound came from his open mouth.

Petit's vast body slowly unfolded till he lay flat on the ground, looking up at the sky. The Comet passed him without a glance, the others close behind, sped up on the curve and sprinted across the finish line. The cheer was thin. It came only from the Kamloops crowd.

Courageous Uncle Cedric

At that terrible instant Uncle Cedric's courage was a wonderful thing to see. He pushed Art aside, squared his shoulders and put his pince-nez back on his nose. The wild look had disappeared and in its place he turned a jaunty smile on Laurier.

"The luck of the game," he said without a tremor. "Vive le sport! But I'm sorry your boy from Quebec didn't win."

"Mais non," said Sir Wilfrid, again a little sharply. "All Canadians are the same to me." He put his arm around Uncle Cedric. "Ah, mon ami, I love a dead-game sportsman."

And noting the tears on Aunt Bertha's purple cheeks, the prime minister of Canada dabbed them gently with his silk handkerchief.

Dandy had stood and watched without a sound but now he did an odd thing. He snatched the top hat from Uncle Cedric's head and threw it on the ground and crushed it flat under his patent-leather shoe.

Only one word came from that silent man. "Oxford," he said and shouldered his way through the crowd.

After the special train had pulled out, Petit drank seventeen bottles of beer at the Palace, supplied free by Dandy, and declared that he could have run a mile in four minutes, easy, if he hadn't been dehydrated.

Uncle Cedric stayed home that night to comfort Aunt Bertha, who howled alternately about the race, her money and Uncle Cedric's lost mining claims, until she quieted down at last and described Sir Wilfrid as a perfect gentleman. Finally she announced that she would vote Liberal in the next election.

Even that didn't seem to upset Uncle Cedric particularly. He said he would go to Kamloops next day and collect a large legal fee, long owing, to cover his bets. And when he returned a few days later, with a thick roll of bills, he repaid Aunt Bertha's loan three times over and took her on a trip to Vancouver, as promised.

At the fall fair Petit drank a couple of gallons and ran a four-minute mile, according to Uncle Cedric's new stopwatch. The time, unfortunately, wasn't official. ★

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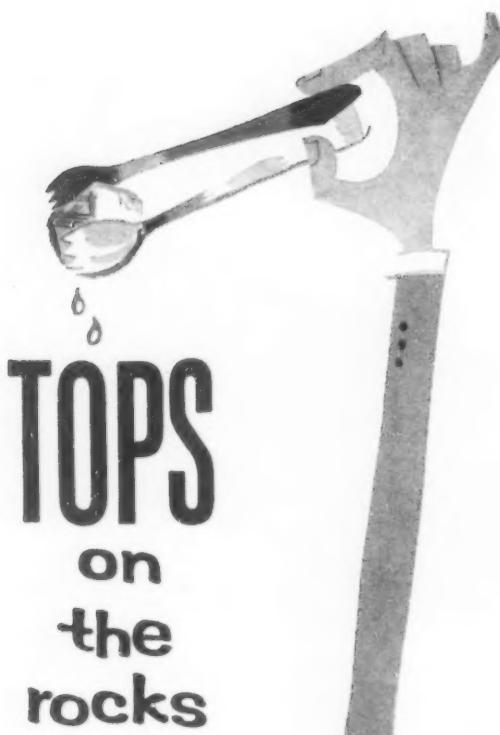
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Parade

What one wife isn't wearing this year

Some husbands refuse to satisfy their wives' every whim at the expense of their own, and there's one in Vernon, B.C., who dares to boast about it. He named his cabin cruiser Irene's Mink.

* * *

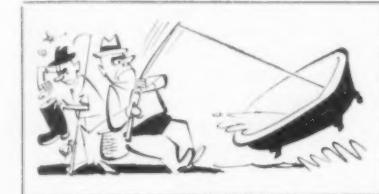
Any day now Albertans will be unrolling the welcome mat for visitors to the Calgary Stampede but they'll have to go some to beat the hospitality of a jewelry-store owner in High River, last year. When a Calgary-bound car from South Dakota jumped the sidewalk and drove right into his store through his plate-glass window, he didn't even act annoyed. His only concern was the wrecked car and the fact that the visitors might miss the Stampede parade in Calgary next morning. So he got his own car out of the garage and not only became their personal chauffeur and guide, but took them back again a second day to see the rest of the show.

* * *

Two young sports in Vancouver borrowed a motorcycle from a friend and headed up country for the weekend, but ran out of gas on a deserted stretch of road. They hiked off to find a service station, taking with them the handsome leather saddlebag from the bike for fear it and their lunch would be stolen. They hoofed six miles without achieving more than a good thirst when the fellow who'd loaded the lunch remembered seeing two bottles of beer in the bottom of the saddlebag, left there by the motorcycle's owner. Blessing his thoughtfulness, they knocked the tops off. The beer bottles contained gasoline.

* * *

A Winnipeg fisherman called home from the office to ask his wife to pick up a new plug for him at the store and put



it in his tackle box, as he'd be calling for it after work on his way out to the lake. When he reached the fishing spot and opened the box he found the plug all right — a nice white rubber plug with a length of brass chain attached.

* * *

An imaginative Toronto interior decorator, planning a booth for the annual Home Show, hit upon a striking idea — to use a cheery flowered wallpaper as a floor covering in his demonstration room. He insists the idea isn't all that impractical —

— varnish it two or three times and it will take a surprising amount of wear, he says. It didn't work at all in his exhibit, though. He sent the roll of paper to the show with other materials to be installed by exhibition workmen, and when he got there they had ignored his ridiculous instructions and put the wallpaper on the wall.

* * *

A woman shopper with a no-nonsense look sat down in the shoe section of a Toronto department store and said she wanted a new pair of shoes exactly like



the old scuffed ones she had on, and which she declared to be the most comfortable she'd ever worn. The clerk finally convinced her it would be a tough order to fill because close examination showed them to be two entirely different shoes, both for the left foot.

* * *

Confusing sign of the times in an Ottawa classified column: "Mobile home, fully equipped. Must sell; transferred."

* * *

Just finding a parking tag on his car is enough to drive many a man wild. So imagine the state of the Calgary man who found a tag clearly marked with a strange license number on his own car, and tucked under it this note — which he sent along for proof: "The police were tagging my car just behind yours. I put a nickel in your meter to save you a ticket. I would appreciate it if you would pay this. I have your license number. I'll check up if you don't. Thanks."

* * *

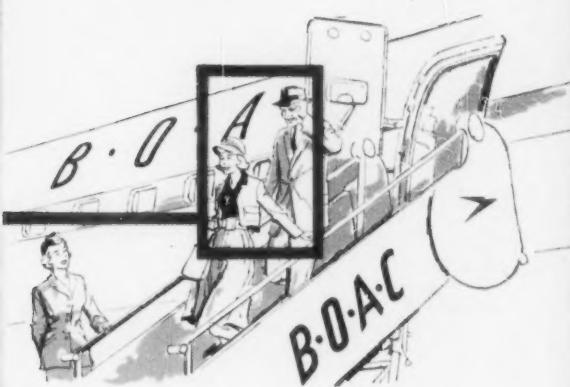
The arrival of a COD package caught a Cranberry Lake, B.C., woman short of change, so she had to pry some loose from young Laura's piggy bank. As if sensing her loss, the youngster made for her bank as soon as she returned from kindergarten, opened it up and laid out her coins in a row on the table. "Somebody's been in my piggy bank," she instantly announced. "The money doesn't reach as far as it should."

* * *

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**Photographed in St-Jean Pied-de-Port, this agile Basque dancer pirouettes from a wine glass without spilling a drop.*

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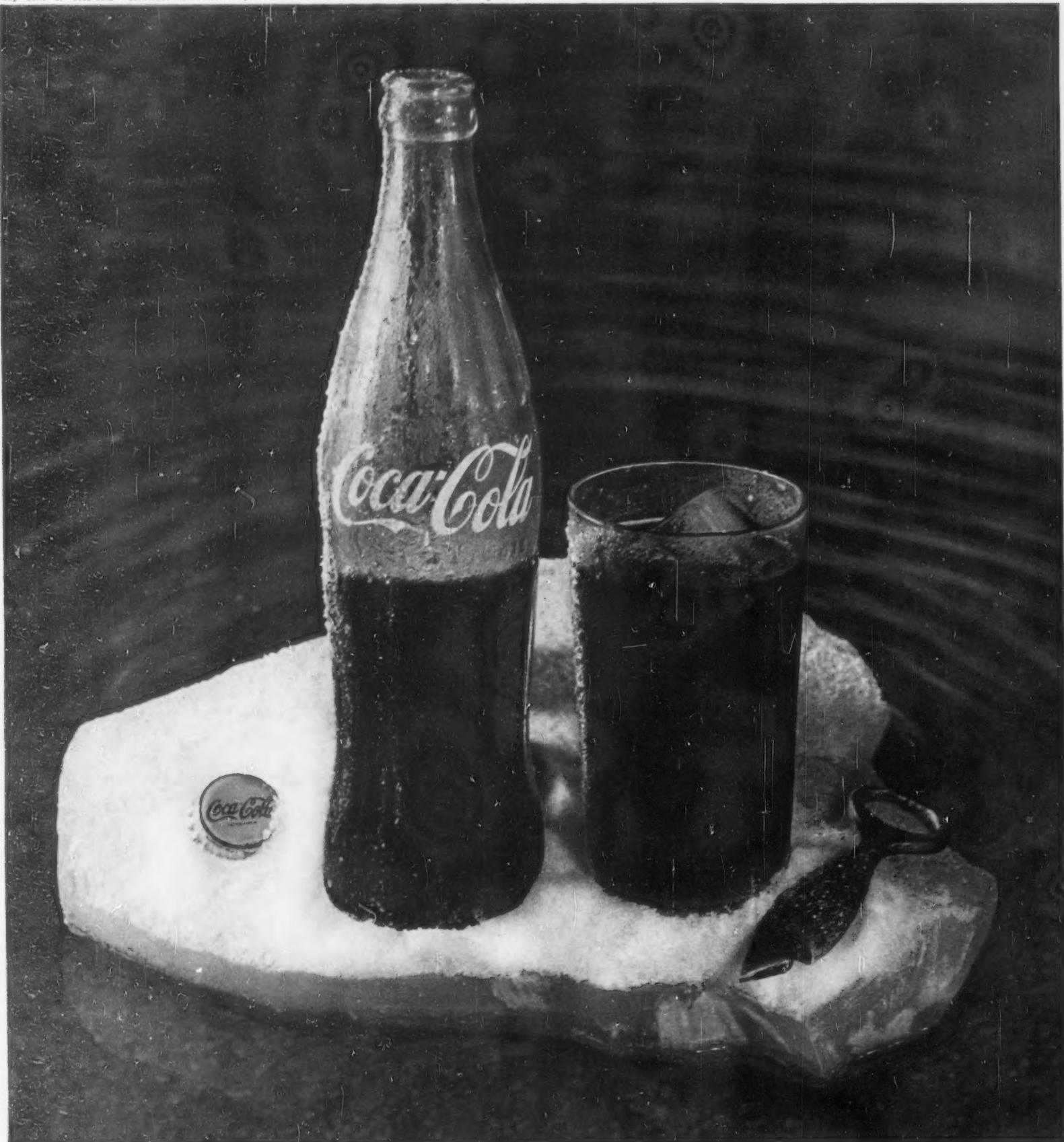
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